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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JANUARY 1922

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MONTHLY

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Seeds

The Unfinished Masterpiece

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The Credentials of the Painter

Eden Phillpotts

Harold Blind

Harold Hersey

Arthur Symonds

Sherwood Anderson

The late Stephen Phillips

Aubrey de Selincourt

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THEATRE-CRAFT

The Contemporary Theatre

Towards Simplicity

A Critique of Criticism

Birmingham Repertory Theatre

Four Illustrations

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Reparation and the Mark

The Washington Conference

Introduction by Dr. E. J. Dillon

Great Days

“Hark! Some Wild Trumpeter”

Books

Prof. M. J. Bonn

President Obregón

Austin Harrison

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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JANUARY, 1922.

Dreams

By Eden Phillpotts

WHEN I have won to rest once more
In sanctity of night and sleep,
Drift visions from the shadow shore—
Small, patient forms that creep.
They move in drab; they wear no wings;
They are the dreams that might come true—
Meek phantoms of the modest things
That I have power to do.

Like azure shadows in the snow,
Or bloom upon the sun-kissed grape,
Sweep lovelier shades, that gleam and glow
And don a rarer shape.
They smile with eyes of queens and kings;
They call on me to make them true—
The lordly, gracious, sovereign things
I have no power to do.

Remain such waking dreams as limn
Upon reality and truth,
Flying like holy seraphim,
Whose rainbow wings drop ruth.
Born of the human sorrowings
That pierce our common nature through,
They challenge to the mightiest things
All men have power to do.

I

B

The Vision

By Harold Blind

THROUGH the majestic cycle of the ages
My soul hath clung to thine;
Reborn, reborn, and yet again reborn,
Thy Fate hath followed mine.

The High Gods fashioned thy heart from the gold of
the dawns—
Moulded thy flesh from re-incarnate flowers.
Thy lithe young body hath the tender strength of the fauns,
And the full grace of nymphs pursued through the bowers.

Thou art blood and my heart;
Thou art bread and my wine;
Thou keepest me alive.
Thou art sight and hearing,
All sweet perfumes, and touch;
Thou art my senses five.
I dream that thou art mine,
That my arms enfold thee!
Hoping, my love, and fearing,
I weep. I adore too much.
And I cannot hold thee!

Thou art made for the groves and palaces of eld,
Where the swift sunrise lit the mountains and the sea,
Or the great rivers ran past temples . . . plains that held
Cities, Kings and splendours, such as we can never see.

Queen, thou art wrought for mystic loves, and passions
fierce.
Aye, thou art made to lie, naked, with Lords that came
From East or West, dark-skinned or fair, whose strength
should pierce
Into thy body, giving thee ecstasies with no thought of
shame.

THE VISION

There, where the grim guards stand,
Black-bearded, brazen-helmed,
I see thee laugh and feast.
There, where the cressets flare
On thine hair, on thy skin,
Thou smilest at the Priest.
Lo! by thy subtle hand,
And thine eyes, thou canst command
The foe's ambassador.
By thy sin
Thou shalt win
Strong men for evermore.

The Empires rose and fell. Long ages slipped away.
But thou, thou emblem of sweet womanhood desired,
Lived on, reborn, eternal as the everlasting day
That shines about this Earth from suns so far retired
That all the lives of all mankind who ever kissed
Serve not to reach them through the awful wastes of space.
Birth by birth great love I gave thee, but thy love I missed,
Till now, at last, I kiss thy bosom and thy face.

Thou art my comrade, Oh most worshipped and adored!
To me, across deserts of time, thou hast returned . . .
Thou my heart's mistress—I of thy fair body lord
By right of love unquenchèd, that for ever burned.

Thy beauty is fairest,
Thy beating heart sweetest,
Now that I kiss thy mouth.
Thou givest all, to me,
From feet to dusky hair.
Oh, lips, assuage my drouth!
Give all that thou carest for most!
That is meetest reward for my passion,
Who waited long for thee
Through bitterest despair . . .
Oh, give me thy passion!

Through the majestic cycles of the æons
My Fate hath followed thine.
Reborn, reborn, and yet again reborn,
Thy soul hath clung to mine.

Beyond the Hills

By Harold Hersey

THE mists that whirl in greater mists
Around the cliffs of space
Leave little drops of glistening water
Upon his wrinkled face.

Have you heard Him, as walking through
The valleys of the night,
He paces ever back and forth,
Silent, old, and white?

Upon some jagged piece of dust
As high as night is high,
He watches all the tiny worlds
Go spinning down the sky.

Around Him are the burning stars
That toss like little ships,
And winds blow out of dim unknowns
Across His very lips.

Have you heard Him amid the silence,
Vast as a silken cloud,
Lifting His arms with jewelled pendants,
Cloaked in a heavy shroud?

The History of the Moulin-Rouge

By Arthur Symons

I.

I READ, not long ago, in *Le Figaro*, that there is some fantastic idea in the vivid imagination of the Parisians of rebuilding the Moulin-Rouge. One might as well conceive the idea of rebuilding the Tower of Babel, where a thousand tongues spoke in a thousand languages. That is what I said to myself, before I went to Paris on the 27th of May, 1920. No sooner had I arrived there, and settled down in a hotel in the Latin Quarter, than I determined to make certain discoveries in regard to Lautrec and the Moulin-Rouge. It was on the 7th of June that I explored Montmartre, from nine in the morning till midnight. What I really wanted to find was his studio in la Rue Tourlaque, which he left in January, 1899, for another, in la Rue Frochot, which gives on la Rue Bréda. I came on it on my way to the Moulin de la Galette; it is on the right of the steep and turning Rue Lépici, which crosses la Rue Thelozé, then turns sideways into a steeper street that leads to the long, dreary Rue Domrémy.

I saw the big studio in which he used to paint, on the top floor of Number 5, at the corner of these two streets. As I stood there, gazing up with a kind of reverence, a lovely borzoi came up and caressed me, gently, delicately. Up came after him the strange little harlot to whom the borzoi belonged, bag in hand. She said to me: "*Hé bien! Le patron! Comment ça va?*" We fell into conversation; she was amusing, she had a passion for her lovely beast. Finally, after some persuasion on her part, both of them went into the door of Number 5. She was an amazing being to have met just then; by some mere accident, some luck, some fortune such as often falls to

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me. She was an absolute Lautrec—*sur le vif*. She was small, perverse, with very wicked eyes; and, apart from her evident sordidness, she was not without that charm which such women are capable of showing.

After I had left her I was determined, if possible, to enter the Moulin-Rouge, and my desire was gratified. They had begun repairs. I went into a chaos of dust and lumber, of untidiness and of disorder; of confusion and of a kind of annihilation. There, as always, painted plain, was "Consommations Obligatoires." The more I penetrated into the interior the more I felt that I was entering an obscure night. The more I penetrated into this obscure night the more the vision returned to me of Seville and of my purchase in las Sierpes of the rare first edition of *Obras Espirituales*, 1618, of San Juan de la Cruz; and of that strange, fantastic figure which stands at the beginning of the *Salida del Monte Carmelo*, and the narrow way which leads to the mount which is inscribed "Nothing." The sensation I had when I read this book in Seville, as obscure as that night which is the negation of all things, was almost identical with the one I experienced in the obscurity of the Moulin-Rouge. Again the aspect of Chaos, an extraordinary effect; low entrances, dark and dreary; tables heaped on one another as they used to be: in a word, the Dust of Ages! A hideous accumulation of dust almost suffocated me. On one yellow door I read: *Poussez*. The colours were yellower than ever. I saw the two ways by which we used to go into the ball—the two separate doors. I saw vaguely chairs on the tops of tables, tables on the tops of chairs, all sorts of iron things and wooden things, and, very conspicuously, two tattered wooden representations of the flames of hell (as I imagined), the red paint much worn from their artichoke-like shoots. Almost as sinister was the man who had the keys of the Moulin-Rouge: the typical *gueux* of Montmartre.

The Moulin-Rouge was certainly glorious to Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; he made it more glorious than it ever was. Once inside, he sought for the physical signs of the vices of men and of women. The red wings of the windmill turned, flame-like, every night; always to me a matter of intense excitement. So these Parisian and de-

THE HISTORY OF THE MOULIN-ROUGE

cadent enchantments seized furiously on this painter's heart; on, also, much of his life, on much of his genius.

In the Moulin-Rouge, night after night, a special table was always reserved for Lautrec. He sat there for hours, showing, as he did elsewhere, that nervous exasperation which rarely left him. In the intervals of their dances the Chahut dancers crowded around him; often he would make them sit down and give them drinks, and then draw them. After that he would get up, feverishly, and take a few turns in the hall. So, as he was the only painter who absolutely adored it, in his pictures of this night-haunt and of other night-haunts of an equally evil character, he created stupendous effects, which I can only compare with those of Degas: in both an equal nobility, an equal comprehension, of these enigmatical creatures; of the inexorable stains and configurations of sin.

A *bastringue* the Moulin-Rouge certainly was, and in its way unsurpassable; equally in the curious fascination with which I always entered it and in the fascination of the Chahut dancers. The three who were most famous for their extraordinary talents were La Mélinite, La Goulue, and Valentin the disjointed, who certainly deserved his name, for he danced with an amazing dexterity, his thin legs defied caricature; and he, no more than the others, rarely lost his rhythm.

La Goulue was a strange and tall girl, with a vampire's face, the profile of a bird of prey, a tortured mouth, and metallic eyes, who danced always with definite gestures; I heard all kinds of legends in regard to her life: death and sensuality and blood: which is my version of the title of one of Barrès' books, Barrès who certainly joined the avid circle that tightened round the quadrille dancers. Once the music started, up went the skirts and the heels on the level of their faces.

I first met La Mélinite on an unforgettable night in May at Le Jardin de Paris. She danced in a quadrille: young and girlish, the more provocative because she played as a prude, with an assumed modesty, *décolletée* nearly to her waist, in the Oriental fashion. She had long black curls around her face, and had about her a depraved virginity.

She told me she was dancing the next night at the

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Moulin-Rouge, and asked me to meet her there, which I certainly did. I give here, word for word, the notes I made that night—as Baudelaire would have done on similar occasions—on a scrap of Parisian note-paper.

“Moulin-Rouge. May 22, 1892. She danced before the mirror; the orange-rosy lamps. The tall slim girl: the vague distinction of her grace; her candid blue eyes; her straight profile. She wore a tufted straw bonnet, a black jacket and dark blue serge skirt—white bodice opening far down a boyish bosom. Always arm in arm with another jolly girl, who also seized my arm for the invariable reason of giving them drinks. The reflections—herself with her unconscious air, as if no one were looking—studying herself before the mirror. The horrible little creature with black hair turning all by herself in the middle.”

Only La Mélinite—her actual name was Jane Avril—had a perverse genius, besides which she was altogether adorable and excitable, morbid and sombre, biting and stinging; a creature of cruel moods, of cruel passions; she had the reputation of being a Lesbian; and, apart from this and from her fascination, never in my experience of such women have I known anyone who had such an absolute passion for her own beauty. She danced before the mirror under the gallery of the orchestra, because she was *folle de son corps*; because she had *une folie dans l'âme*. She was so incredibly thin and supple in body that she could turn over backward—as Salome when she danced before Herod and Herodias—until she brushed the floor with her shoulders.

One reason why Lautrec painted so many portraits of her was because she remained *une grande amoureuse des ateliers*, and another because she obeyed all the painter's caprices, and another because she was all fine nerves, and as passionate as abnormal. Did she appreciate Lautrec's genius? I imagine that she did, because she loved the odour of painting.

Lautrec's coloured poster of “Jane Avril” (1899) that hangs on one of the walls of the study in which I write is simply magnificent. She is painted with his feverish colours; she stands sideways; an immense hat flaps red wings of wild birds striped with black, vanishing into

THE HISTORY OF THE MOULIN-ROUGE

space, over her bright yellow hair; her red mouth, fine nose, and perverse eyes glitter before me; her hands are extended on either side with two sweeping gestures; and—so like the depravity of Lautrec—a living cobra writhes around her body. His evil mouth, whose tongue hisses, is painted in yellow and red and thin black colours; it seems to dart at her chin; and this adorable and fearful monster's body is painted with yellow that verges into pale blue, mixed with a peculiar kind of green; and, the more he coils around her, the more violent are his colours. And—a certain sign of Lautrec's perversity—he has inserted on the right, near the bottom of the poster, the most inhuman and delicious and exotic and tiniest of snakes, who absolutely flies in the air, lifted by a delicate wind.

Certainly, Lautrec realises his dancers, and realises them as no one else did before him—leaving aside Degas. They are Lautrec's by right of possession, by right of his malignant and pitiless genius; he loves them after his own fashion; they love him after their own fashion: two utterly different kinds of love; and even the atrocious Goulue was obliged against her will to be aware of this vivid love of his.

Turn, now, to some of Lautrec's Chahut dancers, and realise that they were much more real than reality, much more unreal than they actually were; as abnormal as the Russian dancers. Only, the Parisian dancers rhythmised the Sexes—abominably and astonishingly and incredibly. What did the Moulin-Rouge contain? The Sexes, and the very heat and the odour of them. Again, what did these dancing women do? Almost everything except being perfect in art; and, for the greater part, it was an unashamed exhibition of their legs, of the naked skin shown above their stockings when they flung their legs at arm's length from their heads, and when they did the "double splits."

Still, to have seen them dance night after night, and to have cried at them—as I always did in Spain—*La Mélinite! La Goulue!* this is what one wanted in the response of their malicious eyes and in the perverse malice of their smiles. And to have seen Lautrec there, as I have said, night after night, watching them, drinking and

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smoking with them, drawing them: there also, one got what one wanted; and, often enough, much more than one wanted.

II.

Lautrec's *Les Valseuses* torments my imagination; for I feel as I always felt in Paris, in these music-halls, the exasperation of the Flesh, the suffocating atmosphere. Here, in the Moulin-Rouge, he fixes one's vision on two enigmatical women who dance, slowly, sensually, seductively. Among those who are seated in the low gallery railed off from the floor, one sees La Mélinite, adorable, magically fascinating.

La Goulue au Moulin Rouge shows one corner of the music-hall, her dress very low at the back, her left hand pressed firmly on her waist; she is arm in arm with Messalina, a monstrous beast, a vampire, who gloats over her; the type, certainly, of one of the worst forms of degradation, a figure of Incarnate Evil, a Beardsley and a Rops; tainted with an unspiritual corruption; a satire on her own sex; an adder-tongued Agrippina. Lautrec, whose genius has in it Latin roots, exhibits in I know not how many of his magnificent and abnormal paintings a sense of satire as primitive and as elemental as that of Aristophanes and of Rabelais, of Swift and of Juvenal. I am certain that deep down, in perhaps the deepest depths of this extraordinary man, there was that indignation which drives such artists to create—*facit indignatio versum*, as Juvenal said. In his heart-rending mockery, Lautrec—when he most hated himself—created deformed monstrosities; where, for instance, some abortion of man or monkey is made to read an abominable book: in bestial stupidity—the symbolism of an evil genius.

Départ de Quadrille is magnificent: in this enormous picture he gives a revelation of one particular corner of the Moulin-Rouge, almost under the orchestra, where the avid circles formed, as one's excitement increased; where, in fact, I, being tall, could easily look over the heads of the others. Suppose it is Nini-Patte-en-l'air who stands planted firmly on both legs held wide apart, as her wrists press her petticoats against her sides; planted, like some living tree, she waits, evil-eyed, implacable, for the music

THE HISTORY OF THE MOULIN-ROUGE

to begin. Lautrec paints the adorable Mélinite, dressed fashionably—with her curved nose, straight chin, thin red lips, black eyes—eyes nervous and erotic, perverse and passionate. She wears her dainty hat with fine feathers, the white brim shading her forehead and her thick black hair; and that elegant robe she is so fond of, in which he drapes her as if she were his model; the right hand just lifts the upper part of her skirt—to avoid the dust—as any Parisian lady might. But, for some reason of his, Lautrec places on her left Félix Fénéon. “C’est un cerveau froid,” said Remy de Gooumont; “cet homme qui s’est donné l’air d’un Méphistophélès Américain eut le courage de compromettre sa vie pour la réalisation des plans qu’il jugeait peut-être insensés.”

La Promenade! How well I remember that Promenade in the Moulin-Rouge; monstrous, fascinating, perilous, insidious. Olivier Métra conducts his blaring orchestra to the sound of his dance-music. La Mélinite dances with an extravagant ecstasy, twisting for once her tiny feet *à rebours*—so as to give one the effect of a modern and no less magical Salome. In her direction stalk two Jews—with visages devoured by degradation and debased cruelty. I see stalk in another direction one of Lautrec’s malign women—the women I always had an intense aversion for. With black hair under a flapping flat hat, with a man’s more than a woman’s long jacket, with a less than womanly trail of her elongated skirts behind her—she advances, alone, menacing; a plague and a pestilence.

In *Femme en Clownesse* Lautrec conceives something abominable, infamous, satirical; there is in it much of his contempt, hatred, love, disgust, of this fatal and fascinating abode of Sin. It is one of his obsessions: all this *maquillage* so seductive and so Parisian, this perversity; an obsession also, of that kind in which one longs to forget oneself—to mix in a moving multitude.

“Is misery most of miseries miserable,
Or the one flower of ease in bitterest hell?”

Powdered, painted, atrocious, and gluttonous, no Messalina but a veritable Clown-woman, a Tribade, she is arrested in her movement; she turns her body sideways,

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with her open bodice and naked arms. She has the utter indifference of the animal. By way of contrast, Lautrec introduces next to her La Goulue's ugly sister. In another of his pictures he represents a Herod-like Pantomime King, seated on his throne, who holds a sceptre; beside him, with a sinister face, the Pantomime Queen. Sardonically, Lautrec introduces into his composition a hideous dwarf seated on a stool, dressed in a weird costume—the Personification of Evil.

Fin de Siècle! An epithet one must always use in regard to Degas, whose genius was in a sense enormous; after him, Lautrec, next in genius; third, Beardsley, with the fascinating perversity of his limited genius; fourth, Rops, impure, obsessed by forms of evil, whose Flemish and Hungarian blood infused into him an almost venomous imagination. All these, in different ways and in different senses, visualised the spectacular Vices, and their obscenity was, to Lautrec as to Degas, a clean thing when you touch it with clean hands, a thing elemental; a thing Rops and Beardsley always deliberately deformed. So, in this dwarf, Lautrec represents one of the leering dwarfs, the "monkeys" by which the mystics symbolised the earthlier vices; those immense bodies swollen with the lees of pleasure, those cloaked and masked devils shuddering in gardens, and smiling ambiguously at interminable toilets, that are part of a symbolism which loses nothing by lack of emphasis. And so a more profound spiritual corruption, instead of being a more "immoral" thing than the pestiferous humanity that neither begins with Hogarth nor ends with Rowlandson, but which exists between the gutters and the stars, can be, in some senses, moral; can even, at times, bring about the triumph of the spirit over the flesh: evil justifying evil, that is to say, by the affinity of the stars with the gutters that breed Corruption.

Seeds

By Sherwood Anderson

HE was a small man with a beard and was very nervous. I remember how the cords of his neck were drawn taut.

For years he had been trying to cure people of illness by the method called psychoanalysis. The idea was the passion of his life. "I came here because I am tired," he said dejectedly. "My body is not tired, but something inside me is old and worn-out. I want joy. For a few days or weeks I would like to forget men and women and the influences that make them the sick things they are."

There is a note that comes into the human voice by which you may know real weariness. It comes when one has been trying with all his heart and soul to think his way along some difficult road of thought. Of a sudden he finds himself unable to go on. Something within him stops. A tiny explosion takes place. He bursts into words and talks, perhaps foolishly. Little side currents of his nature he didn't know were there run out and get themselves expressed. It is at such times that a man boasts, uses big words, makes a fool of himself in general.

And so it was the doctor became shrill. He jumped up from the steps where we had been sitting talking and walked about. "You come from the West. You have kept away from people. You have preserved yourself—damn you! I haven't——" His voice had indeed become shrill. "I have entered into lives. I have gone beneath the surface of the lives of men and women. Women especially I have studied—our own women, here in America."

"You have loved them?" I suggested.

"Yes," he said. "Yes—you are right there. I have done that. It is the only way I can get at things. I have to try to love. You see how that is? It's the only way. Love must be the beginning of things with me."

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I began to sense the depths of his weariness. "We will go swim in the lake," I urged.

"I don't want to swim or do any damn plodding thing. I want to run and shout," he declared. "For a while, for a few hours, I want to be like a dead leaf blown by the winds over these hills. I have one desire and one only—to free myself."

We walked in a dusty country road. I wanted him to know that I thought I understood, so I put the case in my own way.

When he stopped and stared at me I talked. "You are no more and no better than myself," I declared. "You are a dog that has rolled in offal, and because you are not quite a dog you do not like the smell of your own hide."

In turn my voice became shrill. "You blind fool," I cried impatiently. "Men like you are fools. You cannot go along that road. It is given to no man to venture far along the road of lives."

I became passionately in earnest. "The illness you pretend to cure is universal illness," I said. "The thing you want to do cannot be done. Fool—do you expect love to be understood?"

We stood in the road and looked at each other. The suggestion of a sneer played about the corners of his mouth. He put a hand on my shoulder and shook me. "How smart we are—how aptly we put things!"

He spat the words out and then turned and walked a little away. "You think you understand, but you don't understand," he cried. "What you say can't be done can be done. You're a liar. You cannot be so definite without missing something vague and fine. You miss the whole point. The lives of people are like young trees in a forest. They are being choked by climbing vines. The vines are old thoughts and beliefs planted by dead men. I am myself covered by crawling creeping vines that choke me."

He laughed bitterly. "And that's why I want to run and play," he said. "I want to be a leaf blown by the wind over hills. I want to die and be born again, and I am only a tree covered with vines and slowly dying. I am, you see, weary and want to be made clean. I am an amateur venturing timidly into lives," he concluded. "I

SEEDS

am weary and want to be made clean. I am covered by creeping crawling things."

* * * * *

A woman from Iowa came here to Chicago and took a room in a house on the west side. She was about twenty-seven years old and ostensibly she came to the city to study advanced methods for teaching music.

A certain young man also lived in the west-side house. His room faced a long hall on the second floor of the house, and the one taken by the woman was across the hall facing his room.

In regard to the young man—there is something very sweet in his nature. He is a painter, but I have often wished he would decide to become a writer. He tells things with understanding and he does not paint brilliantly.

And so the woman from Iowa lived in the west-side house and came home from the city in the evening. She looked like a thousand other women one sees in the streets every day. The only thing that at all made her stand out among the women in the crowds was that she was a little lame. Her right foot was slightly deformed and she walked with a limp. For three months she lived in the house—where she was the only woman except the landlady—and then a feeling in regard to her began to grow up among the men of the house.

The men all said the same thing concerning her. When they met in the hallway at the front of the house they stopped, laughed and whispered. "She wants a lover," they said, and winked. "She may not know it, but a lover is what she needs."

One knowing Chicago and Chicago men would think that an easy want to be satisfied. I laughed when my friend—whose name is LeRoy—told me the story, but he did not laugh. He shook his head. "It wasn't so easy," he said. "There would be no story were the matter that simple."

LeRoy tried to explain. "Whenever a man approached her she became alarmed," he said. "Men kept smiling and speaking to her. They invited her to dinner and to the theatre, but nothing would induce her to walk in the streets with a man. She never went into the streets at night. When a man stopped and tried to talk with

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her in the hallway she turned her eyes to the floor and then ran into her room. Once a young drygoods clerk who lived there induced her to sit with him on the steps before the house.

He was a sentimental fellow and took hold of her hand. When she began to cry he was alarmed and arose. He put a hand on her shoulder and tried to explain, but under the touch of his fingers her whole body shook with terror. "Don't touch me," she cried, "don't let your hands touch me!" She began to scream, and people passing in the street stopped to listen. The drygoods clerk was alarmed and ran upstairs to his own room. He bolted the door and stood listening. "It is a trick," he declared in a trembling voice. "She is trying to make trouble. I did nothing to her. It was an accident, and anyway what's the matter? I only touched her arm with my fingers."

Perhaps a dozen times LeRoy has spoken to me of the experience of the Iowa woman in the west-side house. The men there began to hate her. Although she would have nothing to do with them she would not let them alone. In a hundred ways she continually invited approaches that when made she repelled. When she stood naked in the bathroom facing the hallway where the men passed up and down she left the door slightly ajar. There was a couch in the living room downstairs, and when men were present she would sometimes enter and without saying a word throw herself down before them. On the couch she lay with lips drawn slightly apart. Her eyes stared at the ceiling. Her whole physical being seemed to be waiting for something. The sense of her filled the room. The men standing about pretended not to see. They talked loudly. Embarrassment took possession of them and one by one they crept quietly away.

One evening the woman was ordered to leave the house. Someone, perhaps the drygoods clerk, had talked to the landlady and she acted at once. "If you leave to-night I shall like it that much better," LeRoy heard the elder woman's voice saying. She stood in the hallway before the Iowa woman's room. The landlady's voice rang through the house.

LeRoy the painter is tall and lean and his life has been spent in devotion to ideas. The passions of his

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brain have consumed the passions of his body. His income is small and he has not married. Perhaps he has never had a sweetheart. He is not without physical desire, but he is not primarily concerned with desire.

On the evening when the Iowa woman was ordered to leave the west-side house, she waited until she thought the landlady had gone downstairs, and then went into LeRoy's room. It was about eight o'clock and he sat by a window reading a book. The woman did not knock, but opened the door. She said nothing, but ran across the floor and knelt at his feet. LeRoy said that her twisted foot made her run like a wounded bird, that her eyes were burning, and that her breath came in little gasps. "Take me," she said, putting her face down upon his knees and trembling violently. "Take me quickly. There must be a beginning to things. I can't stand the waiting. You must take me at once."

You may be quite sure LeRoy was perplexed by all this. From what he has said I gathered that until that evening he had hardly noticed the woman. I suppose that of all the men in the house he had been the most indifferent to her. In the room something happened. The landlady followed the woman when she ran to LeRoy, and the two women confronted him. The woman from Iowa knelt trembling and frightened at his feet. The landlady was indignant. LeRoy acted on impulse. An inspiration came to him. Putting his hand on the kneeling woman's shoulder he shook her violently. "Now behave yourself," he said quickly. "I will keep my promise." He turned to the landlady and smiled. "We have been engaged to be married," he said. "We have quarrelled. She came here to be near me. She has been unwell and excited. I will take her away. Please don't let yourself be annoyed. I will take her away."

When the woman and LeRoy got out of the house she stopped weeping and put her hand into his. Her fears had all gone away. He found a room for her in another house and then went with her into a park and sat on a bench.

* * * * *

Everything LeRoy has told me concerning this woman strengthens my belief in what I said to the man that day

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in the mountains. You cannot venture along the road of lives. On the bench he and the woman talked until midnight, and he saw and talked with her many times later. Nothing came of it. She went back, I suppose, to her place in the West.

In the place from which she had come the woman had been a teacher of music. She was one of four sisters, all engaged in the same sort of work and, LeRoy says, all quiet capable women. Their father had died when the eldest girl was not yet ten, and five years later the mother died also. The girls had a house and a garden.

In the nature of things I cannot know what the lives of the women were like, but of this one may be quite certain—they talked only of women's affairs, thought only of women's affairs. No one of them ever had a lover. For years no man came near the house.

Of them all only the youngest, the one who came to Chicago, was visibly affected by the utterly feminine quality of their lives. It did something to her. All day and every day she taught music to young girls and then went home to the women. When she was twenty-five she began to think and to dream of men. During the day and through the evening she talked with women of women's affairs, and all the time she wanted desperately to be loved by a man. She went to Chicago with that hope in mind. LeRoy explained her attitude in the matter and her strange behaviour in the west-side house by saying she had thought too much and acted too little. "The life force within her became decentralised," he declared. "What she wanted she could not achieve. The living force within could not find expression. When it could not get expressed in one way it took another. Sex spread itself out over her body. It permeated the very fibre of her being. At the last she was sex personified, sex become condensed and impersonal. Certain words, the touch of a man's hand, sometimes even the sight of a man passing in the street did something to her."

* * * * *

Yesterday I saw LeRoy, and he talked to me again of the woman and her strange and terrible fate.

We walked in the park by the lake. As we went along

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the figure of the woman kept coming into my mind. An idea came to me.

"You might have been her lover," I said. "That was possible. She was not afraid of you."

LeRoy stopped. Like the doctor who was so sure of his ability to walk into lives, he grew angry and scolded. For a moment he stared at me, and then a rather odd thing happened. Words said by the other man in the dusty road in the hills came to LeRoy's lips and were said over again. The suggestion of a sneer played about the corners of his mouth. "How smart we are. How aptly we put things," he said.

The voice of the young man who walked with me in the park by the lake in the city became shrill. I sensed the weariness in him. Then he laughed and said quietly and softly, "It isn't so simple. By being sure of yourself you are in danger of losing all of the romance of life. You miss the whole point. Nothing in life can be settled so definitely. The woman—you see—was like a young tree choked by a climbing vine. The thing that wrapped her about had shut out the light. She was a grotesque as many trees in the forest are grotesques. Her problem was such a difficult one that thinking of it has changed the whole current of my life. At first I was like you. I was quite sure. I thought I would be her lover and settle the matter."

LeRoy turned and walked a little away. Then he came back and took hold of my arm. A passionate earnestness took possession of him. His voice trembled. "She needed a lover, yes, the men in the house were quite right about that," he said. "She needed a lover and at the same time a lover was not what she needed. The need of a lover was, after all, a quite secondary thing. She needed to be loved, to be long and quietly and patiently loved. To be sure she is a grotesque, but then all the people in the world are grotesques. We all need to be loved. What would cure her would cure the rest of us also. The disease she had is, you see, universal. We all want to be loved and the world has no plan for creating our lovers."

LeRoy's voice dropped and he walked beside me in silence. We turned away from the lake and walked under

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trees. I looked closely at him. The cords of his neck were drawn taut. "I have seen under the shell of life and I am afraid," he mused. "I am myself like the woman. I am covered with creeping crawling vine-like things. I cannot be a lover. I am not subtle or patient enough. I am paying old debts. Old thoughts and beliefs—seeds planted by dead men—spring up in my soul and choke me."

For a long time we walked and LeRoy talked, voicing the thoughts that came into his mind. I listened in silence. His mind struck upon the refrain voiced by the man in the mountains. "I would like to be a dead dry thing," he muttered, looking at the leaves scattered over the grass. "I would like to be a leaf blown away by the wind." He looked up and his eyes turned to where among the trees we could see the lake in the distance. "I am weary and want to be made clean. I am a man covered by creeping crawling things. I would like to be dead and blown by the wind over limitless waters," he said. "I want more than anything else in the world to be clean."

The Unfinished Masterpiece

By the late Stephen Phillips

The First Scene is in the Cathedral of Milan.

The Second Scene is a corridor in a convict prison of Naples.

The Third Scene is a cell of the prison.

CHARACTERS.

ANDREO DONATI . . . { *The most famous living painter*
 in Italy.
SILVIO { *His pupil and friend.*
THE GOVERNOR . . . *Of the Convict Prison in Naples.*
ANTONIO *A warder.*
THE YOUTH *No. 6.*

Convicts and Warders of the Prison.

SCENE I.

A transept in Milan Cathedral. ANDREO working on a large canvas on an easel placed at right angles to the audience. SILVIO standing behind, watching him. There is a faint sound from the distant Cathedral organ. ANDREO turns from the picture with a sigh.

SILVIO. The light is failing, Master, and you are weary.

ANDREO. Weary, yes, but not with toil, nor does my imagination flag at all, but at times a kind of foreboding takes hold of me that I shall never finish this picture, which was to be the masterpiece of my life—if I should die before the final touch is achieved!

SILVIO. Ah, no!

ANDREO. Well, but who knows? It is now ten years since I began this painting which I call "The Last Supper."

SILVIO. And it is now almost finished.

ANDREO. Finished? No! It is hardly begun.

SILVIO. But only two figures are lacking.

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ANDREO. But those two figures are the picture, the two faces which I cannot paint, because, search as I may, I cannot find two faces so contrasted that the one shall convey to us the aspect of the Divine, the other of the vile; the one a mirror, as it were, of Heaven, the other the glass of Hell itself. On the one side the countenance of the Redeemer, on the other the features of the traitor and the thief. Ten years have I spent in this fruitless quest and I am still as far from success as ever.

SILVIO. Is it necessary to discover two living faces so contrasted to be able to paint them? Cannot your imagination unaided throw them on the canvas?

ANDREO. The imagination, though its head be in Heaven, must still stand upon the earth; only faces of flesh and blood can launch me on my flight. Then, again, a fear possesses me that Nature herself will take some revenge upon me.

SILVIO. I cannot understand.

ANDREO (*pacing to and fro*). Think what my life has been from boyhood! The loneliness, the dedicated days, the set, unswerving purpose. Think how, in the pursuit of the Beautiful, I have discarded what is dearest to men; the promptings of the heart, the life of home, the love of women and of children. At times, Silvio, I dread lest Nature, who will not be denied, shall aim at my heart at last, crying: "This, too, was given thee! It is not enough to aspire; thou shalt also learn to feel!" Cover the canvas, my friend—listen! the music swells, and now swoons into solemn death—it ceases!

(As the music ceases a figure of a young man is seen coming from the steps of the chancel. He has a face of singular beauty, and as he approaches the light from the transept window strikes full on him.)

Silvio, leave the canvas a moment and look! See that figure advancing and thrown into sudden glory? Now, now, the head, the face—wonderful! Is it possible that after these years my triumph comes? Stop the youth, Silvio, and bring him to me hither, lest he should vanish suddenly and I have been deceived by devils!

(SILVIO arrests the youth and brings him to the Master.)

SILVIO (*addressing the young man*). You, Sir, to-day

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are highly honoured. You have heard of Andrea Donati, the master-painter of all Italy?

THE YOUTH. Indeed, who has not?

SILVIO. You stand before him now.

THE YOUTH (*bowing low*). Master!

ANDREO. You, then, have occupation here in the Cathedral?

THE YOUTH. Master, I sing here in the Choir, at Matins and at Vespers. Sometimes, indeed, I am chosen to sing alone, and then am I most happy.

ANDREO. But apart from this, have you no more earthly trade, or calling on which you live?

THE YOUTH. My trade is that of a worker in bronze and gold.

ANDREO. And a beautiful trade; but does it bring much money?

THE YOUTH. Alas, Master, no; and I have to sustain my mother, who is a widow.

ANDREO. You would then be pleased, even for her sake, to add to your earnings?

THE YOUTH. Yes, indeed. But how?

ANDREO. I am working here, as you may see, upon a large canvas in which many faces are necessary. I have all but two. Your face would give me a sufficient suggestion of one of them. Are you willing to sit to me here, each morning, after Matins and while the light lasts? If so, I will pay you as liberally as you would desire.

THE YOUTH. Yes indeed, Master, and it is not only the pay—it is to feel that I am transmitted on your canvas to immortality.

ANDREO. That, then, is agreed; and I will not wait a day. I have waited so long! To-morrow morning.

THE YOUTH. Master, I shall not fail you. (*He bows humbly and joyously, and leaves the cathedral with quick steps.*)

ANDREO. Is it not wonderful, Silvio, that of a sudden, just as I have begun to despair, that face should be sent me? Oh, not itself perfect, but, as it were, the human suggestion of what I intend, the proper fuel to my imagination. Oh, why should night intervene between me and my dream? I am athirst to begin—I shall know no sleep to-night. Well, my son, come with me to my lonely

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house. I cannot bear as yet to be alone, and after we will sup together and drink the old Chianti. (*Laying his hand on Silvio's neck.*) Oh, Silvio, only one more step for me to climb! The other face, the face of the betrayer!

SILVIO. And yet it seems to me well-nigh impossible, Master, to find in humanity two such contrasted faces as you desire; to suggest with the one a love celestial, with the other a hate infernal.

ANDREO. Having found one, I may yet find the other. Who knows? For to-day, this joy is enough!

(*They proceed outwards, ANDREO with his arm round his pupil's neck.*)

SCENE 2.

(*A gloomy corridor in the convict prison of Naples. Time, evening. Ten years have elapsed. ANDREO and the GOVERNOR of the prison are pacing to and fro together.*)

GOVERNOR. You are of course aware, Sir, that what you request is not merely unusual, but entirely unprecedented?

ANDREO. Sir, I am fully aware of it, yet I still venture to persist in my request.

GOVERNOR. You will clearly understand, then, what I grant is to the Master-painter of Italy, and not to a private individual?

ANDREO. Clearly.

GOVERNOR. You ask then that twelve of the most abandoned convicts in the worst prison of Italy shall be filed before you, that you may perhaps discover amongst them a face sufficiently base to transfer to the great canvas on which you are working?

ANDREO. Exactly.

GOVERNOR. I have already given orders that this shall be done, but remember that the men whom you will see, desperate as they are, may be roused to open fury if they suspect that they are paraded before you merely for the purpose of portrayal. I have to request, then, that you will stand back in the shadow here, and make no sign except to me privately.

ANDREO. I will do so. (*He retires into a shadowy recess.*)

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GOVERNOR (*calling to an attendant*). Are the men of whom I spoke to you ready?

ANTONIO. They are waiting for your orders, Sir.

GOVERNOR. Then have them filed before me, singly and slowly.

ANTONIO (*in loud voice*). No. 1—12 this way! Pass slowly!

(The convicts, who are in chains, begin to pass through the corridor in single file. Five have passed, and the sixth now passes ANDREO, who remains in shadow.)

ANDREO (*bursting from recess*). Stop that one! The sixth! I have it at last, I tell you, the face I have so long vainly sought! The face of the betrayer!

GOVERNOR. No. 6, fall out! The rest back to the cells.

(The convicts go off in charge of ANTONIO. No. 6 remains.)

This fellow, who has the face you want, is under sentence of death and dies at dawn to-morrow.

ANDREO. Only just in time then!

GOVERNOR. What do you propose to do with him?

ANDREO. I have only time to make a rough sketch which will fix his face.

GOVERNOR. No. 6, the Master-painter of Italy, Andreo Donati, desires to portray you to-night, before you die.

No. 6. Oh, come now! You have the right to take my life—that is law, but not to take my portrait. I object!

ANDREO. The fellow is right, and, as I believe it is at times permitted for one condemned to enjoy some special privilege on his last night on earth, I suggest that I may be allowed, in return for the favour he is granting me, to provide him with a flask of wine and as many cigarros as he can smoke, while I am making my sketch of him.

No. 6. Ah, now we are talking business! Under the conditions I consent to sit.

GOVERNOR. Well, having yielded so far, I will yield this further. No. 6, back to your cell; there you will await the Master. (*No. 6 slinks off.*) This fellow is the most notorious of all our criminals. Not only had he a hand in assassination, but for a paltry sum he also betrayed his accomplice to death. The earth is well rid of him!

ANDREO. Did I not exclaim: "The face of the betrayer?"

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SCENE 3.

One of the cells of the condemned in the convict prison. ANDREO and No. 6 discovered. ANDREO is sketching at an easel the face of the condemned man. A flask of Chianti and cigars upon a table at the side of No. 6. Dawn peers through the cell grating.

ANDREO. A little to the right; so. (*He continues to sketch.*) Your right hand half closed, resting on the table; the other thrust downward out of sight—so.

No. 6. Time's passing, Master. I could do with another drink and another smoke.

ANDREO. One moment only; now, could you peer as though you were listening for the approach of someone outside?

No. 6. How's that, then?

ANDREO. No, no, put your hand down—listen with your eyes!

No. 6. I say, this isn't in the bargain. Well, now?

ANDREO. Don't move, stay as you are. I implore you not to move! (*He adds a few touches.*) Now then, drink and smoke.

No. 6. Many thanks, Master. (*He takes a long draught of wine and lights a cigar. Andreo still puts final touches to the drawing, glancing at No. 6 from time to time.*) They keep you here so short of food that a drop of wine almost makes one drunk in a moment. I suppose I may walk about for a minute or so?

ANDREO. Yes, yes, I have got all from you that I want.

No. 6 (*shivering*). It's getting near the time, isn't it?

ANDREO. Yes. Are you prepared?

No. 6 (*slouching to and fro*). I shall be—with another glass. The thing is to get oneself numbed, as it were. I am beginning to arrive at that feeling, and this I owe to you.

ANDREO. And I owe to you more than you would ever suspect. Per Bacco! We are here together, you and I. You have rendered me the greatest service one man can render another. You are about to die, but if it can console you at all, I will tell you that this drawing here will enable me to finish the picture of a lifetime.

(*A WARDER enters.*)

WARDER. No. 6, the priest is here. Will you see him?

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No. 6. The priest? No! (*Pouring out another glass.*) This is my priest and final consolation. (*Exit warder.*) Well now, Master, would you say that mine was a difficult face to paint?

ANDREO. No, no; except that any face which is strange is difficult.

No. 6. My face is strange then?

ANDREO. Strange in this way only, that I have never seen it before.

No. 6 (*lurching towards Andreo and blowing tobacco in his face*). You have never seen my face before?

ANDREO. Undoubtedly not!

(*Enter ANTONIO.*)

ANTONIO. No. 6, you have five more minutes.

(*Exit ANTONIO.*)

No. 6. Five minutes did he say? May I look at that drawing?

ANDREO. Look then.

No. 6. Umph! Throw your mind back a bit, Master. Were you ever in the City of Milan?

ANDREO. Milan! There I was born and lived half my life.

No. 6 (*lighting a fresh cigar*). There's not much time, but there's time for another—umph! You know the Cathedral there?

ANDREO. Why, it was in that same Cathedral that I began and almost finished the painting of my life, but to complete it I lacked one face, and to-night I have it!

No. 6 (*lurching towards him, smoking fiercely*). I hear them! They are coming for me!

(*A tramp of steps is heard without.*)

Quick then—ah, one more glass! You remember perhaps a young fellow who sang there in the Choir?

ANDREO. Why, of course! His face is the great, the central face of my picture.

No. 6 (*pointing to portrait*). This is it!

ANDREO (*starting up*). This is it? Man, man, between that face and this is all the distance between Heaven and a Hell!

(*Enter two WARDERS.*)

WARDERS. No. 6!

(*They advance and touch him on the shoulder.*)

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No. 6 (*approaching Andreo and speaking in his ear*). Master, I was that chorister! You have painted me twice! Fell in bad hands—no matter—too long to tell now.

ANDREO. You, you!

No. 6 (*turning to warders*). I am ready. (*Then turning again to Andreo*). That's right, Master.

(*He is taken off. ANDREO sinks in his chair, burying his face in his hands.*)

ANDREO. God, God!

(*A report of musketry is heard. Enter GOVERNOR OF JAIL.*)

GOVERNOR. It is over, Master. Earth is well rid of the wretch. The only service he ever did was the service he did to Andreo Donati. May I say how proud I am to have been able to furnish you with the means of finishing that masterpiece, for which all Italy is waiting?

ANDREO. Never, now! If God can finish so the pictures he begins, my picture shall be left for ever unfinished. (*He dashes drawing on the floor and sets his foot upon it as the*

CURTAIN FALLS.)

The Dealer in Antiques

By Aubrey de Selincourt

THERE are plenty of country post offices where the sale of stamps and envelopes is a very secondary part of the business; for it is common enough in small villages to see displayed in the post office window strings of sausages and piles of brightly-coloured sweets, and even articles of clothing. But only once have I found a post office where, after paying for your stamps, you can enter an order for a grandfather clock. And yet it is so.

Mr. Brunt, the postmaster, started the business some years ago. As a lad he followed the trade of a carrier, and, as his work took him pretty frequently to the periodical auction sales in his neighbourhood, he picked up by degrees a working knowledge of the market value of household effects. Later, when the control of the post office gave him more opportunity of leisure (for he has daughters who are not without their use), he turned his knowledge to account. He would scour the country for rickety tables and chairs, occasionally picking up a genuine piece of old oak, which he would retail profitably to his wealthier neighbours. He prospered, and is now a regular dealer in antiques.

I was looking at his collection the other day, when my eye was caught by an object with which I was certainly familiar. I could not place it at once; but I had seen it before, without doubt. It was a magnificent oaken coffer, black as coal, and the peculiar indentations round the edges of the lid were a good indication of its antiquity. Mr. Brunt observed my interest. More than once we had done business together; but this time I had no intention of making him an offer. A rather disturbing thought was hovering at the back of my mind. For I had suddenly remembered where it was that I had seen the coffer before.

At that moment I felt a strong dislike of Mr. Brunt.

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Of course, it was all a part of his trade; I had always heard that he gave fair prices; but still, that did not mend matters. . . . I could not rid myself of the idea that poor Joseph Weller would be, in some inexplicable way, *mutilated* by the loss, or rather change, of his household possessions. For Mr. Brunt, it appeared, had bought him up pretty completely. I left the post office, and made straight for Weller's cottage.

When I entered the small dark room my fears were more than realised. The impression I received was almost horrible. I suppose I had expected to find Joseph stricken with grief at the loss of his ancestral property; and therefore the sight of him gleefully rubbing his hands as he wished me good-day, and glancing half furtively, half proudly at the painted bric-a-brac which now desecrated his parlour, doubled my discomfiture. It was humiliating. Had he been heartbroken, I should have pitied him less. But he was proud, actually proud. And, strangely enough, this catastrophe—for surely it was no less—had tainted him with servility. I used to feel it an honour to talk with him in his old crooked parlour; he and it were somehow so venerable; they had their beauty. But now it was different; Joseph seemed to be bowing me in, asking me, as a favour, to enter. He had lost his dignity, his independence.

No doubt I was foolish to make so much of this impression. But even after I had left Weller's cottage I could not rid myself of the idea that an outrage had been committed, in which Mr. Brunt certainly, and possibly myself and many thousands of others, were involved. As I walked home, I tried to think the matter over. Perhaps after all I was only a sentimental fool, or—which was even stupider—it was just some æsthetic sensibility in me which had been roughly handled. It was myself I was sorry for. Weller and his parlour had been a favourite picture of mine, and now the harmony of it was destroyed.

But it was no good; that would not do. The offence lay deeper. Weller himself had been hurt; of that I was sure. He was mutilated; a fish out of water: he was taken from where he belonged. I began to think, involuntarily, of the tigers in the Zoological Gardens; beautiful, tameless creatures, turned to ridicule to give a faint thrill of the senses to little stupid men and women. Cruelty

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degrades; this was cruel; it was the exploitation of loveliness for the satisfaction of curiosity.

But this was absurd, I thought: Joe Weller was not caught and caged; he was a free agent in this catastrophe. No one was better pleased than he. He was triumphant.

For sixty years he had lived among beautiful things, unconscious of their fitness. Then suddenly had come the change. He had made himself ridiculous, pitiable; and he rejoiced in his own humiliation. For he did not know.

He did not know: *there* was the crime! And suddenly my thought ranged over the whole sweep of our civilisation, and in every corner of it, in shapes sinister and manifold like the malignant forms of some nameless poisonous growth, I saw that this venom lurked.

I remembered the words of a poet who lived very long ago and said:

"May our young men live as in a healthful region, whence any emanation from beautiful things may touch their eyes or their ears, like a wind bringing health from delightful places."

We have imposed upon our people. We have made them unwitting accomplices in our own crime. A man does not by nature prefer what is hideous to what is beautiful; but commercialism does, for it is easier and more profitable to make by machinery what is ugly and perishable than by a man's hands what is comely and endures. We have created the taste for these things along with the supply. We show our painted rubbish to the poor, and say how fine it is; and the poor believe us. For they do not know. It was in our hands to teach them. We preferred their ignorance, because it meant our gain. We are not content to break the bodies of the poor; we add a subtler evil—we warp their minds. What we call taste may possibly lie nearer to the root of things than is usually supposed. It is not merely the final polish of a liberal education. We have taught our people to admire what is not admirable, and have therefore stolen half their birthright. We exploit the ignorance we ourselves created.

Mr. Brunt and Joseph Weller remain in my mind as the type of the failure of our modern culture. One may seek it in slums, in factories; but there the evil is in a sense less deadly; for there it is open warfare, the oppression,

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undisguised, of one group by another. A blow is less intolerable than a lie, and more easily met. But if it is true that material progress is, after all, in the main illusory, and a fairer aspect of things can be established only within ourselves, then there is no need more vital than to give opportunity of right growth to the finer sensibilities of the lowliest amongst us, to open their hearts to the influence of all that is not ugly and deformed. We must cease to be impostors.

These two men are the tragedy of our age; one poor, one prosperous, yet each so much alike: Mr. Brunt, the dealer in antiques, looking with a practised eye on beautiful things, which yet give him no thrill of pleasure; Joseph Weller, surrounded by his tawdry rubbish, rubbing his hands, triumphant.

The Credentials of the Painter

By Wyndham Lewis

THAT the painter is a different sort of artist from any other, and a different sort of animal from any other artist must be recognised, and the ways in which he must necessarily differ should be thought about, before his claim can be fixed for us. Just as each individual artist stands for a certain mode of life and sensation, so each species of artist is related to a certain type of man. Each type of intellectual or of art activity possesses, in a sense, its own local and proper philosophy: and a world of different men and women would be engendered from the emotional and mental material of each of the several great clans of artists—painter, man of letters, musician—if all the rest of the world were wiped out, and only that clan or guild remained.

The painter in his fullest development appears to me to approach more to a generalised human type than the musician does. He is not so definite a specialist. Although to excel he must be as profound a technical specialist as the musician, yet, because of the very material in which he works, the colder, more practical, and less emotionalised material of the visible world, he is more of that world. He can whistle or hum an air while he works, whereas the musician begins working the moment he hums or whistles. He will therefore be less of a differentiated type than the musician. He will have something of the musician in him and something of the man of letters. And yet there will be something peculiar to him and to no other man, artist or otherwise.

In this article I am starting to examine the credentials of the painter. From that more general survey I wish to proceed to a consideration of the different modes of expression within the narrow frontiers of the graphic and plastic arts: with the ultimate object of providing such painters and sculptors (cubist, expressionist, vorticist) who are most in need of it with material towards such a document as is still constantly required of them whenever they appear in public, and present their works for the edification of a baffled world.

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The painter of the "Abstract" picture, regarded to-day as the votary of a mode that is likely to be superseded by other modes, will I think establish a form of painting which will have to have its place, side by side with other forms of pictorial expression on which it will heroically react, but with which it will not interfere. The same man might practise several modes of painting side by side: just as classification of figure or landscape painter is a stupid and superstitious one when it implies a disability in a neighbouring mode. It may quite well seem as simple, some centuries hence, for a critic to name this form of painting as one of the established branches of pictorial art, as it was for Aristotle in his *Poetic* to divide painters into such sharp and simple categories as this: "Polygnotus showed us types better than average men, Pauson worse, and Dionysius just the same."

How satisfactory it would be if one could write: "A. paints people as we see them. B. does not use natural objects in his pictures at all. C. lies halfway between the two." There would be a fourth who did all three.

To begin at the beginning, or the end, if you like, let us take two types of contemporary work, and glance at their credentials. I will choose an average of the yearly flood of "portraits," on the one hand, things that can be approached in the easy mood in which a good photograph can be approached: or the painting that you can identify with some facile mode of the romantic fancy of the crowd of the time. An example of the latter, for our day, is the painting of a dark woman with a rose in her hair, sitting rakishly on the edge of a table, in a black Spanish hat, with a mantilla, smoking a cigarette. Both the portrait and the woman sitting rakishly on the table find their *raison d'être* diminished in the ratio in which they depart from the regions of quite local mental coarseness and confusion of any popular *milieu*. The usual type of the Academy Line picture, providing the *trompe-l'œil* is skilfully executed, is the static and more or less flattering mirror of the portrait, in which the civilised man has gazed for a great many generations. Apart from his feeling that some glasses are more flattering than others, the portrait will play its part in the life of the civilised man as long as the mirror will. The reality that is reflected in some portraits (but not I am afraid

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those painted very recently) is so fresh and delicate, as in the case of the great familiar portraits of the Renaissance, that it is, while you gaze at these reflections, like living yourself, in a peculiar immortality. And with the most matter-of-fact renderings, so long as they are efficient, it is one of the only, and one of the most immediate, means that men possess to defeat time. A portrait evidently ceases to be a portrait when it has that transporting effect that makes you feel, not that you are sharing a moment of life removed by centuries from your own lifetime, but also that you are participating in a heightened life, the living of which only is an event as solitary and fixed as the thing at which you are gazing.

The pseudo-Spanish Carmen-like creature of a crowded afternoon at Burlington House is in a much lower category of usefulness than the apoplectic General with all his ribbons, tabs, and braid, whom she jostles (with true Andalusian insolence, as the thrilled spectator will feel) on the commercially important Line. For the portrait *must* be fairly like the General, or he would not pay for it. It has *so* much guarantee of truth. Whereas the Carmen-like figure (coal-black eyes, cigarette, effrontery) is a stage property. She is an exploitable figment of the crowd's mind. When they are looking at her they are gazing into their poor heads instead of out of them. The artist's wife, or the model, has to be imbued with an audacity and brilliance probably foreign to her. Somewhere between the reality (the model) and the figment (Carmen) the painter will lose the little bit of truth that might, in a painting from nature, have redeemed his work.

The fundamental claim of the painter or sculptor, his fundamental and trump credential, is evidently this: that he alone gives you the visual fact of our existence. All attachment to reality by means of the sense of sight is his province or preserve. His art is in a sense the directest and is certainly the most "intellectual," when it is an art at all. The word-picture of the writer is a hybrid of the ear and eye. He appeals to both senses. In his imagery he leaves you the emotional latitude almost of the musician. He says "the dog bayed," and as you read it a ghost of a deep sound causes a faint vibration in your throat (you "bay"), and a vague hound appears with

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bloodshot eye and distended neck in the murk of your consciousness. The painter paints you a dog baying : it is a new and direct experience. More precise and masterful, it is less fluid and partakes less of the emotional physical nature of any movement. The dog never bays, although it shows you the gesture of baying. Although evidently existing in our atmosphere, one of the attributes of such existence is wanting.

The "Happy melodist unwearied, Forever piping songs forever new," of Keats, is only so happy because his pipe is soundless and because he has sacrificed the whole of his existence for the frigid moment of a sort of immortality. There is not one immortality, evidently, but several types, and this one is the painter's; a sort of death and silence in the middle of life. This death-like rigidity of the painting or statue, when a living being is represented, this silence and repose, is one of the assets of the painter or sculptor. If pictures made a noise, like the statue of Jupiter Ammon or the figures at the approaches to Samuel Butler's Erewhon, the unique character of the destiny of plastic art would be impaired.

No one has ever wept at the sight of a painting in the way they sometimes weep when they listen to music. You could not by showing people a picture of a battle cause their hearts to beat and their limbs to move, eyes to water, and stomachs to turn round, as it is fairly easy to do by beating on a drum, and blowing into a fife. The respective physical effects of music and painting must always be insisted on in any attempt to arrive at a definite idea of the destiny of either of these arts. The coldest musician, even one who, like Schönberg, appears to be writing a sort of musical prose, cannot help interfering with your body, and cannot leave you so cold as a great painter can. As you listen to music you find yourself dashing, gliding, or perambulating about : you are hurried hither and thither, however rhythmically ; your legs, your larynx, your heart are interfered with as much as is the membrane of your ear. Whereas looking at Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" would cause you as little disturbance of that sort as looking at a kettle or the Bank of England.

Were it in the nature of things for a rhythm appre-

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hended visually to have the same direct physical appeal as one conveyed by way of the ear, it would be much easier to explain to a person quite unversed in pictorial art how it is possible for a painter to derive such satisfaction from the abstract proportions and shapes, merely, of a pictorial composition, apart from its human reference. I have arrived here at the question of abstract pictorial composition. The credentials of the painter engaged in such work are the least obviously convincing of all. It may be as well to state, in passing, that his human justification is very much that of the musician, only without, on the one hand, the musician's uncanny physical appeal, or, on the other, the representative painter's part in our direct physical experience. To this I propose to return, however, in my final article, confining myself at present to such painting or sculpture as is more or less an imitative image of the world as we see it with our eyes, with more or less of the limiting complexities of nature.

But it will also be seen that there is a much closer relationship between what are regarded as the painters of the Right and those of the Left wing, or between the most "representative" and the most "abstract" painter, than is generally supposed.

A great many people are repelled by this coldness of the picture. They cannot "live" the painting as they can music. Too definite an image is imposed on them. Of all the arts painting and sculpture are the most independent and exterior to their public, and the public will readily feel for them something analogous to its feeling for the "intellectual"—"so aloof, unemotional, etc."

Heine, in an account of the Romantic School, describes the nature of the opposition to Goethe in Germany. Heine endorses, with his usual flowery verve, Goethe's critics. He writes:—

"Goethe's adherents looked on Art as an independent world in itself, a sort of *primum mobile*, which moves and governs all the shifting ways of men, their religion and their morality. . . .

"No, God does not manifest Himself in all things alike, as Wolfgang Goethe thought, an opinion which made of him an indifferentist occupied with dilettantism, anatomy, the theory of colours, the physiology of plants,

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the observation of clouds, instead of the highest human interests. . . .

"Goethe sang the history of emancipation in some of its chief crises, but only as an artist. With his antipathy to Christian enthusiasm, which was his special aversion, his inability or unwillingness to understand the philosophic enthusiasm of our times, and his dread of ruffling his placid self-composure, he regarded enthusiasm generally from the historical point of view, as an objective datum, as so much material to work upon. Thus spirit turned to matter under his hands and was moulded into shapes of beauty. Thus he became the great artist in our literature . . . Goethe's masterpieces adorn our beloved fatherland as fair statues adorn a garden, but they are, after all, statues. One can fall in love with them, but they are barren: Goethe's poems do not beget deeds, as do Schiller's . . . I was walking through the lower rooms of the Louvre and looking at the antique statues of the gods. There they stood with their blank gaze, and in their marble smile a secret melancholy, a troubled memory, it may be, of Egypt, the land of the dead whence they sprang . . .

"They seemed waiting for the word to give them life again, and break the spell of their ice-bound immobility. Strange, these Greek antiques reminded me of Goethe's poems, which are as perfect, as glorious, as calm, and seem likewise to pine and grieve that their icy coldness cuts them off from the stir and warmth of modern life, that they cannot weep or laugh with us, that they are not human beings, but hybrids of divinity and stone. . . ."

I have quoted such a substantial piece of this indictment of Heine's because I find it particularly useful for my purposes in these essays. Goethe, as an artist, was the sort of artist a painter is. I want at the outset to get an image of him, the sort of existence he managed to live in the modern world, the spirit he so superbly represents, fixed in the mind of my reader. At the same time an image of the Painter will have taken shape, possessing, if one literally relates it to Heine's account of Goethe, this contradiction: that the painter participates more in life itself in one way than any other artist; but in another sense he is the most removed from it.

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Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp



The Contemporary Theatre

By Hermon Ould

BEFORE embarking on this article, which is to be a review of the London theatrical year, I thought it well to restore a fading memory by consulting the advertisement columns of the *Times*. Unhappy decision! I came away from the stack of Lord Northcliffe's

journal with the fear that I had contracted one of those complaints which Professor Max Nordau (*pace* Mr. Shaw) made famous ten years ago—echolalia, onomatomania, and the rest. For what were the recurring titles of the "obstinate successes"? *Puss! Puss! Pins and Needles! Fair and Warmer! Ring Up!* and other jingling phrases which, it may be assumed, have no other object than to catch the pennies of amusement-seekers.

But other facts emerged from my hasty survey. *Chu Chin Chow*, whose death was announced with as impressive a series of advertisements as ever heralded the birth of a masterpiece, duly died. After a suitable interval, *Cairo* filled the place of the recently-lamented and will presumably rival *Chu Chin Chow* in longevity. So much for His Majesty's Theatre. What about Drury Lane? Was it not *The Garden of Allah* which threw dust—I mean sand—into the eyes of the critics at the opening of the year? Since when, nothing. And Covent Garden? Boxing, Charlie Chaplin, Carl Rosa.

Clearly, the theatres with great traditions have done little to maintain them during the past year. The war, which killed the actor-manager system, gave us nothing more satisfactory as a substitute, and there have been one

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or two attempts to revive it. Mr. Norman McKinnel went into management at the Comedy, where John Galsworthy's *A Family Man* failed to please audiences which had come to look for *Skin Games*; and in due course Mr. McKinnel sub-let the theatre to somebody who put on *By all Means, Darling!* I wonder what that was like? Subsequently, Mr. McKinnel sought favour with an Italian play, *The Love Thief*, which did not long hold its own against lighter fare, and then this actor of genius deserted the Comedy.

Mr. Matheson Lang found in *The Wandering Jew* a play after his public's heart, but its loyalty must have been sorely tried by that dull play, *Christopher Sly*, which followed it.

The Court Theatre continued its series of Shakespeare revivals, including an excellent *Henry IV.*, and went on to earn our further gratitude by giving the boards to the Irish Players in *The Playboy of the Western World*. This was succeeded by *John Bull's Other Island*, whose perennial timeliness has only just been expunged; and then *Heartbreak House*—immeasurably the finest new play produced in London since the war—came to try the critics and find them wanting. The Court's record, it will be seen, is not to be despised.

The Reandean management takes itself seriously, but seems not to be entirely single-minded: high art and stunts go ill in double harness. We owe to this management the introduction of a new dramatist, Clemence Dane, whose *Bill of Divorcement* has been a popular success, notwithstanding its undeniable excellences. It is not a great play—can a play which depends for its poignancy on conjectural changes in the law be great?—but it is undoubtedly a very clever play, with several moving moments, and one real character—the girl played so convincingly by Miss Meggie Albanesi. The same management gave us Galsworthy's *Skin Game*, the first serious war play (never recognised as such by the critics, of course!) since the Armistice; *The Wonderful Visit* (stuntily produced), to which the names of H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine were attached, though it did justice to neither of them, and Clemence Dane's *Will Shakespeare*, to which extended reference would be made in

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these pages were it to survive the attacks which threatened its undoing. *Will Shakespeare* has many faults—not the least being its failure to make a convincing character of the title-rôle—but it also has many virtues which are rare enough on the English stage: sincerity, dignity, and a sense of words which seems almost anachronistic to one whose ears are dulled by the jargon of to-day! The setting designed by Mr. George W. Harris had moments of great beauty—particularly in the last act; but the prevailing impression was that the play was overloaded with ornament, like a publican's wife. Irrelevant "effects" (due in part to the author), the incongruous mixture of a conventional and a realistic treatment, the ridiculous "visions" and "voices off," did nothing to heighten and a great deal to diminish the dramatic effect of the play, and one is left with the feeling that the £10,000 which was spent on the production would have been better employed in reserve capital, always needed for a good thing, than in extravagance.

Before leaving the West End, let these things be noted: the Russian Ballet successfully resuscitated some of its ancient glories and introduced some new marvels. *Chout* was laughed off the boards, *Le Sacre du Printemps* created a sensation of a somewhat hectic character, and the *Cuadro Flamenco* attracted large and keen audiences, but kept me away from the Princes Theatre on nights when I should have gone there but for its shrieking blatancy. The *Chauve-Souris* company has reached us from Russia *viâ* Paris. A jolly show, this, but attractive rather by its novelty than by its intrinsic merit. The Bank Holiday doings of costermongers on Hampstead Heath would be scarcely less attractive if we were not used to them. I mention, as one who knows of them, but whose eyes have not rested on them, *Quality Street*, the *Grand Guignol*, Somerset Maugham's *The Circle*, and *Bulldog Drummond*. These, I believe, ought to be mentioned before I escape to the suburbs.

The Old Vic has distinguished itself by giving sound performances of *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Macbeth*, *Richard II.*, and the first production of Halcott Glover's *Wat Tyler*. By the time this article is in print I hope Strindberg's *Advent* will have been added to the list,

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though the disquieting news of Mr. Robert Atkin's illness makes this hope a diffident one.

So far as the Lyric, Hammersmith, is concerned, there is nothing to add to what might have been said this time last year: *The Beggar's Opera* is still running. This is all to the good, but it is a pity that Mr. Nigel Playfair is not working also in a West End theatre . . . which reminds me that he produced Lord Dunsany's *If* at the Ambassadors Theatre—an excellent production, decorated by that Lovat Fraser whose untimely death dealt the English theatre so serious a blow. *If* was an entertaining play in which realism and fantasy were incongruously mixed. One was tempted to look for a philosophic idea, but, if there were one, it kept itself discreetly to itself.

And so to Hampstead. At the Everyman Theatre a series of Shaw plays opened the year and led to the production of a potpourri labelled *The Pedlar's Basket*. The International Season, which began with the production of two American plays, is exceptionally interesting in scope. A German play succeeded the American ones; then followed four Dunsany plays in one bill, and as I write Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*, almost perfectly produced by M. Comisarjevsky, is showing how well adapted this little theatre is to intimate drama.

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The article by Mr. Nigel Playfair in this issue was extracted from a paper which he read to the Architectural Association.

The design which gives distinction to our title-page is the work of Paul Nash.

Towards Simplicity

By Nigel Playfair

AT the risk of telling you what you all know, I had better free sketch very hurriedly a map or plan of the pleasant avenues which lead to the morass of mud and muddle in which the English Theatre now finds itself, and then tell you why I think even the best of obtuse managers will soon be calling upon the architect—or at any rate the artist designer—to help them.

Observe, please, that I am talking entirely now of scenic decoration, not of the structure of theatres and stages. That is a question which, even if it were not beyond me, is at any rate almost entirely out of the question of practical politics. I'm afraid I don't see many theatres—it is possible there may be some picture palaces—being built within the lifetime of most of those present to-night.

Well, the war had a most unexpected effect upon the theatre. When it began the managers were all prepared to face ruin. Salaries were cut down, contracts were cancelled, theatres changed hands at bargain prices. But, contrary to all general expectation, however much it may have been foreseen by accomplished students of the psychology of crowds, the fears were falsified and the theatres proceeded to enjoy throughout the war period, and indeed almost to the present day, a time of unexampled prosperity. But with material prosperity came moral and intellectual bankruptcy. The truth is that people rushing hither and thither, helter-skelter, trying to escape from their thoughts, would go and see anything that was offered them in the name and nature of entertainment, and the managers gave them what came easiest to hand. But that happy time shows ominous signs of coming to an end. I won't go so far as to say that mere empty display won't attract any longer, because it is quite obvious that in many cases it does. But still, there is strong feeling on the part of play-

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goers generally that if they're not going to get their money's worth in some state or other, they're not going to the theatre at all; and if the managers find that they can't give them their money's worth in silks and satins and gold tassels, then they've got to come to the artist to help them, for it is the artist who alone can spin beauty from thread.

That is to put the thing at its lowest . . . but I really do believe that apart from the mere economics of the question, there is a wave of true feeling in this country in favour of simplicity of treatment, and I daresay you find it in architecture as I do on the stage. Given, then, the desire for the artist, where and how does he come into the scheme of things?

Now first let me tell you, frankly and squarely, he mustn't get too uppish. The Theatre in England, the theatre as I know it, lives and has its being to exhibit, for better or worse, the art of acting. In that theatre this art must reign supreme. You can have a theatre without decoration, without music, without lighting, or at any rate special lighting, without the written word even, but without acting it becomes lifeless. Decoration, as I understand it, is in the theatre an honoured handmaid to Drama, which is called into being by the art of acting, but she is a creature without separate life and existence. Call the art of acting Adam. Decoration is a rib which can be exhibited for the admiration of us all, but can never become that separate and unconvincing but argumentative ego which we may call Eve. Forgive my rather floundering allegory, but I hope you see what I am driving at, and I hope, too, I shall find a hundred swords, drawn from their scabbards by the supporters of Craig and Huntly Carter, at my throat.

Given this, and given these conditions, where and how does the artist decorator come in, and how is he to take advantage of the situation? Well, he comes in through the window, and plays the part of Rumpelstiltskin. There is the manager put in an attic by the fickle and necessarily penurious public and told to weave cloth of gold out of straw. I don't say that he doesn't well deserve his punishment. He calls in vain upon Wardour Street to help him. For all Wardour Street can provide are the faded glories of Victorian lavishness. They are a little less awful to the

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naked eye when faded, but they won't do. Because, hard as it may be to believe it, some faint notions of taste have by this time filtered down even to the great theatre-going public. I am not enough of a philosopher to attempt to debate with you the famous old question as to whether art is stationary or progressive, but at least the public taste is occasionally galvanised, and at this moment it has made a distinct forward wriggle, if it is only to slide back again into the abyss.

So now the manager, however unwillingly, is going to be obliged to call upon the artist instead of the mere sensation mongers and stunt merchants to help him. He wants simple effects; he wants, above all things, scenery that can be used for any play and throughout a play—even if he wants it from the lowest motives because it is cheap.

My dear friend Lovat Fraser had genius that in any case would out. I hope I am the last person in the world to claim any share of the triumph which came to him, I am glad to say in full measure, during his own short life. But there is no doubt at all that my Scottish characteristics were a help rather than a hindrance to him—I mean in so far that I was obliged to tell him that his scenery was to cost an incredibly small sum, even in these expensive days. Not that economy is always the mother of beauty, but the avoidance of unnecessary ornament is a virtue. That is a lesson which is instilled into the mind, I am sure, of every rising young architect, but it is seldom practised upon the stage.

The amount of money that has been wasted upon the awful imitation tree-trunks and coloured forests which are supposed to convey the delights of Arden in the last hundred years or so, would have restored a dozen "Old Vics" if it would not have built a National Theatre. I am sure it is true that if we are ever to have opera and Shakespearean performances at all in the future, the first step to take is to abolish the ridiculous movable scenery altogether, and for the artist designer to come forward with a substitute which will do better.

I was horrified, I confess, to read that the New National Opera Company had started on their career by proudly announcing that they had purchased for a large sum—or

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at any rate a sum which seemed very large to me—all the scenery and costumes and effects of another company which had come before it and has now vanished. I would much rather have read that until they could afford it, or find something better, they were going to do all their operas in front of some bright-coloured curtains.

Perhaps that is something that I oughtn't to have said: the worst of asking anyone in my sort of position to discuss this sort of question is that I am very naturally debarred from quoting examples, at any rate contemporary examples, lest I should be accused of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

But perhaps I can, without examples, warn you of certain pitfalls that beset the path of those who try to design any forms of simplified scenery—no matter what form that scenery may take. In the first place, in seeking for beauty of form and of colour, don't be afraid of considering what the uninstructed—or what you may consider to be the unintelligent—consider to be beautiful or ugly. I am on very difficult ground here, and I shall find it difficult to express my meaning; but there is a meaning somewhere that has to be considered.

Hold up two pictures to an ordinary unsophisticated audience—an audience, that is, that has not learned the right thing to say about works of art—of pictorial art, I mean. Let one be a picture by Marcus Stone, or even Dudley Sadler—the other by Cézanne, or even Sichert. Well, the ordinary audience, at first at any rate, will be quite sure that the first picture is exceedingly beautiful and the second excessively hideous. Well, you are quite sure that they are Philistine and altogether wrong. But if you are dealing with these people, you've got to try, however difficult it may be for you, to understand and even sympathise a little with their point of view. You haven't to compromise, to kow-tow to them, to deny the judgment of your own senses; but you have, in short, to educate them and realise that education is a slow process.

A Critique of Criticism

By Horace Shipp

AMONG a medley of books relegated to the pauperism of the sixpenny box I found a pamphlet bearing the superscription "A Living Theatre" and dating from Florence in 1913. Its purport was the work which Craig was at that time doing in the Italian city at the Arena Goldoni with his school for training and experiment, and to voice the far-flung challenge of his paper, *The Mask*, with its expression of his conception of the theatre. The discovery stands at the head of this complaint of criticism because of a declaration which the pamphlet contains of the principles for which *The Mask* stood. May I quote?

"The idea in obedience to which *The Mask* was founded was that of a New Theatre which should replace the existing one . . . Among the evils which *The Mask* attacks to that end are Realism, Vulgarly, Commercialism and the trade spirit, Pedantry, Theatricalism, the aggressive personality of the actor, the star system, badly built theatres, the invasion of the theatre by other artists, the system of actor managers, the acceptance of mere 'effectiveness' as a substitute for thoroughness in all branches of the profession, the selfish apathy and cowardice which would oppose all progress or reform lest it militate against personal prosperity and personal ease."

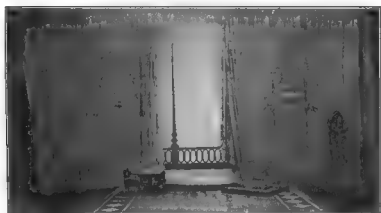
With many other good things which existed before 1914 *The Mask* is dead, and Craig's school in Florence is closed, but that ideal of a New Theatre persists. It has become a platitude to say that such an ideal can only find fulfilment at the instigation of an educated public opinion. In the formation of that opinion the intelligent theatre workers who believe in the high calling of their art are playing their part in giving the public something a little better than it appears to want. With an eye to truth and beauty they produce work which in itself constitutes a criticism of all that is false and specious. Alongside this method of example is that of precept—the task which

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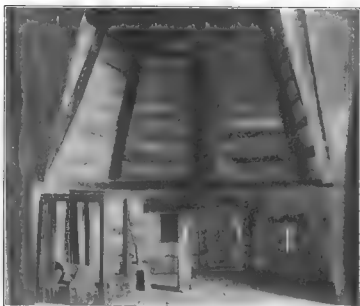
lies to the hand of the dramatic critic if he regards his work with any wider altruism than that of Press reporting for livelihood. In one's more despairing moments the thought of the Press as the moulding force of public opinion is not a strong presage for the coming of the New Jerusalem. Most newspapers regard the work of their dramatic critics as that of reporting the existence of plays and giving information as to who is acting and what the type of play is. They expect "hard facts, like biscuits"—and invariably get them. If they get more it usually comes in the form of literary charm, or topical discussion of the reflex of life which the play in hand offers. So one looks rather vainly for light and leading and for some consistent standard of what the theatre is. Unless a leader knows where he is going he cannot lead, and those who look to him for guidance can only go to and fro with the meaningless itinerancy of the Children of Israel in the wilderness.

Present-day dramatic criticism usually concerns itself with a lengthy recital of the story of the play and a selected list of the players dutifully besprinkled with adjectives. In cases where the *raison d'être* of the show is the expensiveness, the sensationalism or elaboration of the production, the critical mentality switches upon this fact—usually one suspects because there is neither play nor acting to comment upon. But the function of criticism is not to report facts; it is to set up a standard of drama and the allied arts which constitute the art of the theatre, and to guide the public to self-use of that standard. In its reaction towards the theatre it should help the artist to consciousness of his own purpose by analysis of his art. In its economic aspect criticism can help to send a flow of money to the theatres providing the best, and might eventually so foster an understanding of drama as to give the commercial manager reasonable hope that he will not straightway be bankrupt if he tries to give good work. To these ends we need standards.

Criticism is in the nature of a bridge between art and the public. It demands in its construction minds trained fully to appreciate the æsthetic laws which underlie the art, and with a grasp of psychology which enables the critic to know what the public wants and what degree of improvement it will stand in its wants. It suffers from a divorce



Setting by George W. Harris for the Readean
production of *Clemence Dane's Will Shakespeare*.
Act IV.
(Shaftesbury Theatre, London.)



Model for Gordon Bottomley's *King Lear's Wife*,
designed and constructed by Paul Nash.

This is a box scene with walls 9 to 10 feet high. The steep roof is made by painted curtains hung from a frame, with rods at top and bottom, and ropes passing through slots at the angles. In effect, the curtains are like the sails of a ship and are made taut in much the same way. Beyond the end wall of the box scene is a backcloth painted to show an orchard. There is a painted floorcloth to the scene. Scale of the original model half-inch to one foot.



Scene for Molière's *George Dandin*, designed by Paul Shelving for the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Made and painted in the theatre.

Colours: Stonework, bright yellow with blue facings; garden wings, green; top drapery, blue; windows and doorway, black.



Costume design by Paul Shelving for a
fairy in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.
(Birmingham Repertory Theatre.)

A CRITIQUE OF CRITICISM

of these qualities: the specialist frigid and out of hearing on the mountain top and the journalist befogged by the mob-mind in the valley are alike valueless. Now and again comes the man who with a deep understanding of the theatre and a sense of popular values can act as the go-between. Thus Shaw, writing dramatic criticism, was able to advance the whole cause of the stage and drama, to enlighten his public as to the value of stage-work which demanded new valuation, to get at the bases of the new realism-symbolism which was taking drama into a new dimension. His intimate study of the art of the theatre and his knowledge of the public mind made him especially suited to his task, whilst his personal tendency to propaganda gave his work just that note of deliberate leadership which I hold to be a function of dramatic criticism. He had a sense of direction, and as a born propagandist he stated it and argued it out at every opportunity.

It is probably the lack of this conception of the social and æsthetic significance of the theatre which accounts for the poverty of much of the dramatic criticism of to-day. A writer of my acquaintance refers to all theatrical productions as "entertainments." The term applied to a production of *The Trojan Women* came to me rather as a shock; it embodied that view of the theatre as a means whereby "to wear away this long age of three hours, between our after-supper and bed-time," which is all too common. Not that it is the business of the theatre to deal entirely in gloom-drama; but the over-emphasis of the soporific in art which the term "entertainment" has come to connote is the conception of the art of the theatre which present-day criticism tends to accept and foster.

If this art of the theatre is ever to mean more to us than a business in amusement, with an occasional good play produced for the sake of the minority of thoughtful people who have standards higher than revue, it can only be by sublimating that idea of the drama as a bromide to consciousness into one which demands that the theatre should act as a stimulant. If our dramatic critics believed in the theatre in this way; if, that is to say, their work was along the lines of the great tradition of criticism, they would use the columns at their disposal for putting forward their belief. A play criticism would contain or imply a statement

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of this belief; it would deal with the eternal verities of theatre-art rather than with the ephemeral facts of the performance. It was Shaw, again, who put forward the suggestion that each newspaper criticism should be signed and the sum received for it duly bracketed with the signature so that its worth in editorial eyes should be known. In a world where worth and money-payment often fail to tally, I have little faith in the value of such an experiment. I suggest in its place a credo from the critic. If as a reader I know that Mr. X. of my daily paper or my weekly review believes in the theatre as a little lower than the Pierrots, or holds the work of the foreign dramatist * * * * * to be the ideal; if he will state whether he believes the play, the acting, the setting, to be the thing; whether he stands for realism, decoration, illusion; if he will tell me what these things are by which he forms his judgment, my understanding of the theatre and of his subsequent critiques will be the better. He will be performing his function as a leader of opinion, not as a reporter recording facts.

In any art so widespread as this of the theatre there is room for many philosophies; there is no room for the person lacking a philosophy. A critic will probably not be able to lay down hard and fast rules for the judgment of every play, but he will have to approach every play with a view to discovering the standard implied in it, and his pronouncement will depend upon the twofold factors of whether he believes those standards to be right and whether he believes the whole production to have been true to them. Certain laws which are basic in all æsthetics have to be observed—laws of synthesis, of proportion, of expression and fitness—but within these wide limits there is room for many kinds of theatrical production. My plea is for a criticism grown self-conscious and self-critical. One may or may not agree with the policy avowed in the quotation from *The Mask* which I have used. But it takes a stand; it challenges. Polite essayettes upon current productions, entertaining dissertations upon the morality of the doings of the imaginary characters in a play, reiteration of the plot or of the subject-matter which rightly belongs to the programme, however interesting they may be, are not enough. Criticism can be of the utmost value to the art which it subserves. It must learn first its own high calling.

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre

By Raymond Crompton Rhodes

"FIFTEEN years have passed since the beginning of the repertory movement, which was to turn the English playhouse into a Temple of Art. One by one have fallen the strongholds in the great cities—London and Glasgow, Manchester and Liverpool—and only Birmingham stands." It was with these words in 1918 that I saluted the advent of *Abraham Lincoln*. Since then, happily, other English towns have taken up the tradition, yet none in the same generous and dignified manner as the playhouse established in Birmingham by Barry V. Jackson.

We have no London playhouse with a tradition like that of the Comédie Française, but the Birmingham Repertory Theatre is a model for an English National Theatre. It is a National Gallery of masterpieces, wherein has been shown a short view of the English Stage from *Everyman* to *Abraham Lincoln*. The dignity and distinction of *Abraham Lincoln* owed much to the fact that for six years at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, under Mr. Jackson, John Drinkwater had been living among the great achievements of theatrical art—producing them, playing them, watching them. He was nourished on masterpieces. The effect this had on him as a playwright may be seen by comparing *Rebellion* (1914) with *Abraham Lincoln* (1918), or even more clearly with *X=O: a Night of the Trojan War* (1917), his most beautiful play in verse.

As a great city is not built up of stone, but with the hearts of men, so it is with a great playhouse. And such a playhouse is the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Mr. Jackson, its founder, a splendid leader, has dedicated fifteen years of his life to the service of high ideals. He has sought to recover the tradition of the English Stage as it was under Garrick at Drury Lane and Phelps at Sadler's Wells—the tradition of playing masterpieces. Moreover, he has purified the tradition. For instance, he has neither produced Shakespeare mutilated, as Garrick

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did, nor abridged, as Phelps did. He has always given the plays of Shakespeare as they were written—in full text with no more than verbal excisions.

He has created and trained not an accidental concourse of individuals, but a regular audience. In his playhouse Mr. Jackson has produced sixteen plays of Shakespeare, among them *Measure for Measure*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Othello*. If I had space I should like to linger over his method of production—his fine variety of devices to secure the effect of the triple stage of the Elizabethan.

Mr. Jackson has devoted much time to the revival of other plays from the old English stock. These are produced, not for one or two afternoons or evenings, as is the custom with the English private societies who sometimes perform one or other of them, but for two or three weeks at a time, with revivals for odd weeks in later seasons.

The repertory has not been limited to old English plays, for *Arms and the Man*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *You Never Can Tell*, and *The Cassilis Engagement* are among the pieces which are revived season after season. While Mr. Drinkwater was producer he gave every one of St. John Hankin's seven plays, short and long, even *Thomson*, which was completed by the late George Calderon. Beside Hankin, the list of the moderns is headed by Mr. Drinkwater, of whose plays seven (eight if we count *Ser Taldo's Bride*, which he and Mr. Jackson wrote together) have been produced here, five of them for the first time on any stage. Seven is also the number of Mr. Shaw's plays, the last being *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and Granville Barker have all been represented, each by his best plays. One of the greatest achievements of the theatre was the first performance on any stage of that noble and austere tragedy of Japanese chivalry, *The Faithful*, by John Masefield.

Of the foreign masters he has ranged from Molière (the *George Dandin*, at once racy and modish, was particularly fine) to Zola with *Thérèse Raquin*, and from *Medea* to *The Wild Duck*. One conspicuous success was *The Witch*, from the Norwegian of Wiers-Jenssen, a most eerie, thrilling piece. But even more notable was *The*

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Romantic Young Lady, from the Spanish of Martinez Sierra, by Helen and Harley Granville Barker. In London this charming and gracious comedy—a model of construction of character and dialogue—lasted only a few weeks. When Mr. Jackson presented it in Birmingham he had large audiences for a month, after which his sane and inexorable policy replaced it by another piece.

Mr. Jackson has shown his power as a leader in the choice of his officers. He himself is a producer of large imagination, from the sinister to the fantastic, but the executive work he often hands over to his stage directors, the chief being Mr. John Drinkwater and Mr. A. E. Filmer. It was Mr. Filmer's lot to produce the only American play in the repertory, *The God of Gods*, a tragedy of aboriginal life in British Columbia by Carrol Aikins. As a decorator Mr. Barry Jackson stands alone in the English Stage, except for his scenic artist, Mr. Paul Shelving, whose rich and bold colouring is not equalled by any artist working in the London theatre.

Mr. Jackson's stock companies are wisely selected, and four of the present members were with him at the beginning. At this theatre there is no room for showing off, yet to each member in turn there falls a leading part, and all the players are directed to the service of the play, not the exploiting of their own personalities. Their "altogetherness"—their team-work—is amazingly good. It extends to the unseen domains of the playhouse, for a large part in the councils is played by the business manager, an old Pilgrim Player, Mr. Bache Matthews, who has a true love for the theatre and a vast knowledge of dramatic literature. Mr. Jackson has not much time for acting, yet cheerfully casts himself for a small part now and then, and plays it well. It is in the same modest mood that he, an all-round man of the theatre, writes children's plays. In all his repertory no single play has been given more often than his own *The Christmas Party*, a delightful fantasy, whose large number of performances is due to its frequent revival during the afternoons of the mid-winter holiday. To those who know the ordinary conditions of the English Stage, the Birmingham Repertory Theatre is not merely a unique institution, but a continual source of gratified amazement.

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Reparation and the Mark

By Professor M. J. Bonn

THE Reparation Problem has reached another definitely critical stage. The plan of payments forced on Germany last May by way of an ultimatum provided for the payment of a fixed annuity for 1921-22 of two milliards gold marks, and of a variable annuity equal to 26 per cent. of German exports, which were expected to yield about 650 million gold marks for the present reparation year, and about 1·3 milliards for a full year.

Of these 2·650 milliards one milliard has been paid by August 31st in foreign gold bills. The remaining 1·650 milliards will be reduced by about 150 millions to 1·500 milliards, as German exports have declined considerably. The November payment will thus be reduced to 250 millions—it has been accounted for by delivery of goods. A fixed payment is due in January of 500 millions and another in April of 500 millions more; and there is one more variable payment of about 250 millions due in February. In other words, Germany has to pay about 1,250 million gold marks in the current reparation year, ending April 30th. Over and above this sum she has to pay 400 million gold marks a year for the balance due from her for the settlement of pre-war debts.

When negotiations with the Comité des Garanties started last summer—the committee has to see that Germany carries out the London plan—no insurmountable difficulties were expected for the time being. French orders for goods in accordance with the treaty were supposed to amount to about 1,200 million gold marks, and the British Recovery Act was supposed to furnish another 150 million gold marks. In that case only 300 millions of the 1,650 millions were wanting. As things have turned out, the total obligation due after the November payment

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has been accounted for will be 1,250 million instead of 1,325 million gold marks, owing to the decline of German exports, but deliveries of goods will amount to only 600 millions, and the British Recovery Act will produce but 50 millions. The amount due from Germany in cash after January 1st, which must be provided for in foreign bills, will not be 300 but over 800 millions, to which must be added the Clearing Office payments of about 32 millions gold a month. Is Germany capable of doing this?

The immediate question is, of course, whether she will be able to pay the January (500) and the February (250) instalments. But this is not the true problem. The real question is: Can she go on making quarterly payments, fixed and variable combined, of at least 750 million gold marks (£37·5 millions)? If she can pay these, the present trouble might be considered a purely temporary inconvenience which Germany must overcome, *coûte que coûte*. Now she cannot; it will be madness to force upon her a last effort which must lead to ruin.

The payments Germany has made so far have severely shaken the international financial situation. Before the acceptance of the London ultimatum the £ cost about 150-200 marks, in July it had risen to 275 marks, in October to 670 marks, and in November it had gone to 1,200 marks. Many people are blaming the German Government for this result, accusing them of "rigging" the market. The mark is falling, they say, because the German Government throws them on the market; as they have been remiss in introducing taxation, they must pay with notes from the printing press when they want dollars for reparations payments. The German Government has to face a double task: it has to get cash at home, and it must pay cash abroad. Whether it gets the marks from taxes or from the printing press, it must sell them. As long as it has no foreign credits to draw upon, there is no other way of getting the dollars needed. For the German balance of trade is unfavourable. Imports come to about 8 milliards gold marks. Some of these imports are no doubt superfluous, but when the German Customs try to stop them, they get into trouble with the Allies. The bulk of the imports, 2½ milliards gold marks for foodstuff alone, is needed for feeding the people and providing them with raw

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material. After the loss of Lorraine, Germany must import iron ores; she must import copper, oil, cotton, wool, silk, jute. As exports amount to only about 5 milliards gold marks, she has a deficit from her trade-balance of about 3 milliards gold marks, setting aside reparation payments; their inclusion will bring the deficit to 6 milliards. Invisible exports do not amount to very much. If the superfluous imports were prohibited and if additional exports are forthcoming as arranged through the delivery in kind by clauses of the treaty and special agreements, there would still be an adverse balance of, say, 4 milliards a year. As long as this balance has to be settled annually without big foreign credits, the demand for foreign bills must always be greater than the supply. Those foreign bills which cannot be secured by the sale of German goods and the few services Germany can render must be paid by the only thing left to Germany: paper marks. Whenever the German Government are forced to buy gold bills to a greater amount than yielded by German exports, the price of the £ must rise and the value of the mark must decline. And whenever the mark drops heavily widespread panic is sure to follow.

Germany has to get imports; she cannot do without them, as her natural resources are not sufficient at present to feed and clothe her people and to keep them busy. She has so far got them by a series of veiled credit operations on a huge scale. Foreign investors have bought bank notes, they have established bank credits in Germany, they have got hold of German securities and German real estate. The amount invested by them has been estimated at 70 milliards marks paper. It is merely a guess, but whether or not it be wide of the mark, these holdings are very big. They are cheap credit, for they do not carry interest; they are not repayable in gold. But they involve a very heavy risk: they can be withdrawn at any moment without any notice whatsoever. Part of that risk, no doubt, has been borne by the investor. He bought the mark at one penny as late as July; if he had waited until November he could have bought five marks for the same price. The earlier purchasers see with gloom that they have lost 80 per cent. of their purchase money. Some of them are angry with the German Government; they feel they have

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been defrauded. Candid critics tell them that they have provided the German people with the means of living and of working when they bought their marks. They are now sitting on the depreciated marks, feeling that they have been "done." The Germans have the goods and they have got the paper. If it was not the German Government who rigged the market, they are sure the German bankers did. Were they not selling marks in huge quantities?

Here again things are not what they seem. It is when the Germans buy dollars that the mark goes down. Some of them have to pay debts incurred before; they are haunted by fear of a further fall of the mark at the time of the settlement. Others must buy materials to keep their works going; they buy to-day fearing a bigger rise later on. In June the kilogram cotton cost 21 marks, by August it had risen to 32 marks; it cost 121.30 marks on November 29th, 1921. The fear of such a rise makes people buy earlier than they need to; it makes them buy as much as they can, for there is a big profit on a huge supply when another rise of prices takes place. The economic truism that a rise of foreign exchanges caused by the depreciation of the currency tends to stop imports from abroad does not hold good when these imports are of prime necessity. In fact, it increases them, for everybody wants to be on the safe side. The people offer for them the only commodity they have: their paper currency. Fear of depreciation depreciates. The panic spreads to the investing public. The falling exchange tells them of another imminent rise in prices, and of another decline in the purchasing power of their already greatly diminished incomes. They have been the victims of the merciless depreciation of paper values. They have been investing their savings in gilt-edged securities. They dimly realise that the purchasing power of an annuity, say, of 5,000 marks which they paid for dearly before the war has fallen to but 250 marks a year. They begin to see that the only chance of saving a remnant of their fortunes is to invest in industrial shares or in foreign currencies. Investment in trust funds is a gamble when the currency depreciates quickly, investment in foreign currencies is a kind of insurance. So they, too, buy dollars and pounds, and they can only do so by selling marks. Professional speculators, on the

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other hand, have been selling dollars short for some time. They have lost heavily, as the trend of the market was against them. A single bear operator has lately lost 340 million paper marks by selling short, losing more than double the capital and the reserves of his unfortunate bank.

These mark sales naturally hit the friendly speculator who believed in the rise of the mark. He got disgruntled and he cut his losses. He curses the manipulations of the German Government and the German people. But he forgets that the German people do not sell marks to cheat him; *they buy dollars*. They buy dollars because the German Government must buy them at the behest of the Reparation Commission, who insist on being paid in gold currency, but have not told them how to buy dollars without selling marks. So the German people must buy dollars because they want to live and to work, and a man cannot live if he does not make the money with which he can buy goods.

Early in December, when the £ fell from 1,200 marks to 750, it was shown clearly enough that the nexus between the issue of bank notes and foreign exchange is far looser than is commonly assumed. While the note issue increased by over 4 milliards, exchange rose by over 30 per cent.

It is quite true that the German Budget does not balance. The deficit is made good by the issue of Treasury bills. More than 200 milliards Treasury bills are outstanding. Half of them have been taken up by the public and the banks; the rest are held by the Reichsbank, who issues notes against them. These Treasury bills are the real danger spot of German finance. For if the public got frightened and sold the bills, the Reichsbank would have to take them up and rediscount them by the issue of another huge output of notes.

The deficit of the German Budget is partly due to the difficulty of imposing new taxes, and to the defective machinery of collecting existing taxes. The German Government may have been remiss in some directions and not as strictly economical in others as they well might have been. But this is not the core of the matter. *No budget can balance as long as the exchange goes down*. The fall of the exchange does not bring happiness to the German

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Government, as some critics seem to think. It means an almost automatic rise in prices. The cost of feeding Germany with foreign food, which is about 20 milliards in paper when the £ stands at 160 marks, goes up to 120 milliards when the £ goes to 1,000 marks. As incomes do not rise immediately at the same rate, the Government must pay subsidies to cheapen the food. It may be bad finance, but bad finance is better statesmanship than starting bread riots and suppressing them by force of arms. Moreover, the salaries of the Government employees have to be raised immediately. There are over one million employees on the railways alone. Their wages for 1921 were estimated at about 15 milliard marks before the last rise in prices. This was about 7·29 times the peace wage of the employees and 9·04 times the peace wage of the workmen. In the meantime prices have gone to about 30 times the peace level. They have almost doubled since August, 1921. If wages for 1921 were doubled now they still would be considerably below the purchasing power of the income in peace. An average wage of 30,000 marks paper is only equal to £30 or 120 dollars a year. It is surely not a princely wage. But even a small percentual change is quite sufficient to upset the Budget estimates considerably. The Government cannot change rates and freights as quickly and as frequently as exchange, and with it prices vary. Business life cannot stand convulsions at home following automatically shocks from abroad. They have been trying to wipe out the deficit repeatedly, but whenever an equilibrium seems to be in view, a new fall in the exchange upsets all calculation. For this fall is bound to vitiate all estimates. For example, the private property of Germans in former enemy countries has been confiscated. The German Government is bound by the Peace Treaty to compensate them. Very little has been done so far. If this property, including ships, mines in ceded territory, and so on, were valued at 10 milliards gold—this is a mere guess—compensation would amount to 100 milliard paper marks when the £ cost 160 marks, and to 600 milliards when it cost 1,000 marks. The annual payment of 5 per cent. plus 1 per cent. sinking fund on such an obligation would amount to 6 milliard paper marks in one case and to 36 milliards in the other. And

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the chief item which Germany has to pay every year, reparation, will cost about 30 milliard paper marks at the former rate and 180 milliards at the latter. If by some stroke of the pen a German Chancellor of the Exchequer could balance his account when the £ costs 480 marks, he would have a deficit of 90 milliards paper of reparation account alone when the £ soars to 960 marks. The adverse balance of payment is the pivotal point, not the issue of Treasury bills and notes. German finance can never be put in order if the increase of the floating debt is not stopped; but this will never be done as long as an adverse balance of payment continues.

This being so, the chief question is: Can the adverse balance of payment which coincides with an adverse balance of trade be adjusted? For some time to come German imports must exceed German exports. An automatic settlement of the trade balance is impossible until Germany is more self-sustaining as far as foodstuffs are concerned, and until her foreign trade does really expand. Notwithstanding the premium on exports due to a falling exchange, German exports are diminishing. Her imports into England, according to British statistics, have fallen from £59 millions in the first nine months 1913 to £20·6 millions for the same period 1920, and to £16·6 millions 1921. This adverse balance of trade has been settled so far by all sorts of credits. It is probably not quite as bad as it looks, as the assets of German business people abroad have reduced the necessity for such credits. But these assets are certainly not big enough to adjust the balance completely. Even if they amounted to the fabulous sum of one milliard pounds mentioned by some Allied optimists, this would only contribute an annual payment of somewhat above one milliard gold. If these assets were spent for reparation payments, as is sometimes suggested, they could not be used for commercial purposes at the same time, no more than German investments confiscated abroad can serve as collateral for a German loan. If one single reparation payment was due from Germany, these assets might perhaps be used for it, provided they could be located by the Government. But as they are needed to produce the regular economic flow which is the only possible source of continued reparation payments, this confiscation would do no good.

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Things being what they are, reparation bars the automatic adjustment of the balance of trade. Of the total German exports of 5 milliard marks gold 2 milliards at least, so to speak, are earmarked for reparation payments. Three milliards only remain over to settle imports with. Is it possible to pay 8 billions—or let us even reduce them to 7 billions—by means of 3 billions, without unsettling exchanges? Even if a couple of milliards invisible exports could be added, which it is not, the discrepancy would be far too big. As long as the balance of payments is not at least temporarily adjusted, the convulsions of the exchange must grow in volume, and with it the deficit of the Budget. The problem is not yet how to bring about the equilibrium of the German Budget, but how to establish an equilibrium of Germany's foreign obligations.

It is hardly for me to discuss a permanent reduction of the annual reparation payments. Nevertheless, it is now clear that a temporary reduction of Germany's payments is quite unavoidable, if an international financial collapse is to be avoided. A "moratorium" might appear the appropriate method.

Such a moratorium will be truly effective if Germany's creditors can forgo payments for at least a few years. For a moratorium for a few months or for a few instalments is of practical use only as a precursor of a systematic settlement. Though France is not directly interested in the next instalment—it goes to Belgium—she may find it hard to adopt such a policy. She insists on the payments of January and February. Now if a moratorium is really justified by Germany's financial condition, it ought to be granted before a new fall of the German exchange has aggravated the situation. If these payments were the last payment ever expected, there might be some reason for demanding them, even if the gold of the Reichsbank had to be sacrificed. But if the Entente sees the need of easing Germany's situation and of putting her on her legs financially with a view to future payments, there is little sense in throwing her to a lower level, if she is to be hauled up later on.

A moratorium is possible only in connection with some lending operations. If France refuses to forgo her share, somebody must advance Germany the money to

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satisfy France with. That has been the political problem so far. France's annual share of the reparation money may be estimated at present at 1'6 milliard gold marks. Part of it can be paid in goods, but the rest must be in cash. If the recovery of the German exchange is really an object worth attaining, this cash must be advanced to her over several reparation periods. Germany's other creditors will have not only to postpone their own demands, but must help her to get the cash to satisfy France, and it was with that object in view that Germany recently sought to borrow money in London.

The easiest way for a postponement might be a funding operation. Germany's creditors might receive the next instalments not in cash, but in the shape of interest-bearing notes or bonds. This well-known method is possible only when there is the market for such funded bonds. If the German cash payments after accounting for the delivery of goods were 2 milliards a year, and if these payments were postponed for three years, a 6-milliards funded loan might be handed over to the Allies. If these bonds—2 milliards a year if all Allies participated, 1 milliard if restricted to France—could be marketed near par, a respite might be achieved for Germany. During that period an equilibrium in her balance of trade might be established, and the foundations for a future exportable surplus might be laid.

As soon as the equilibrium was established, co-operation between the central banks of Europe and America would be needed to steady the German exchange on a reasonable basis. There might be a few fluctuations, but by close watching and by extending comparatively insignificant dollar credits when the dollar is unduly driven up by speculators, limited confidence in the mark might soon return. People in Germany and abroad would realise that a further fall in the mark is unlikely, though a rise is possible. The purchasing power of the German markets would be steadied, dumping due to exchange fluctuations would be stopped. The German Government could form reliable estimates of their expenditure and tap new sources of revenue. As the rise in prices would come to a standstill, they could afford heavy indirect taxation, and dispense with their system of subsidies. They might not be

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immediately in a position to do away with the deficit. But they could give up the practice of issuing Treasury bills to cover it. For as soon as confidence in the mark returns they could issue successfully an internal long-termed loan. The German people who invest at present madly in industrial shares, which pay scarcely any dividends on the inflated prices, would eagerly take up a 5 per cent. bond below par, with frequent drawings, if they are convinced that the marks they hand over to the Government will be of less value than the marks the Government returns to them later on. And the foreign speculators in marks would have the chance to invest in an improving mark and so repair the havoc depreciation has played with them. The proceeds of such a loan would be sufficient to cover the deficit until the collection of new taxes is in full swing.

A moratorium alone or a funding scheme will not settle the reparation problem. But it can furnish the basis on which a thoroughgoing settlement is possible. Without deferring in some way or other a considerable part of Germany's foreign payments the German exchange will never get right. The experience of the so-called black Thursday (December 1st), when the mark rose from 1,100 to the £ to 750 within two days, has shown conclusively that *the balance of foreign payments, not the amount of notes issued, is the dominant factor in the present situation*, and the lesson is of great importance. The bank was printing and issuing new notes lustily, over 4 milliards in the week, yet the mere hope of a decreased demand for foreign exchange, based on quite unfounded rumours, was sufficient to raise the mark by nearly 30 per cent. Here lies a way out; indeed a solution seems possible if Europe desires to effect recovery. The equilibrium of foreign payments is the goal to be aimed at first; when it has been reached inflation can be brought to a standstill, and the balancing of the national Budget can be achieved. That is the fit order of things, indeed the only alternative to collapse and chaos: now as this truth is to-day generally recognised and Germany has officially notified default there would seem solid ground to hope that Reparations will be detached from politics and made real for all by return to practical economics, *i.e.*, results.

President Obregón on Washington

Introduction by Dr. E. J. Dillon

WITH Cavour, Bismarck, and Ito statesmanship in the highest and best sense of that much-abused term seemingly died out. Certainly the mantles of those personages have fallen upon none of the peripatetic Ministers whom the politico-social convulsions of the last seven years have thrust into the foreground of contemporary history. The world therefore has to make the most of well-meaning individuals who excel as parliamentary tacticians, of chiefs who are great in little things and little in great, oratorical "spell-binders," and shirt-sleeve diplomatists. And the results of their leadership are what I foresaw they would be when I wrote upon the Peace Conference over two years ago *: militarism, discord, wars, bankruptcy, and anarchy. Of genuine statesmanship there is no visible trace among the present rough-hewers of the world's destinies at Washington or in Europe. None of them betrays consciousness of the magnitude of the issues that confront civilised humanity, none seems able to read the riddle of the twentieth-century Sphinx, still less to play the part of Moses to the bewildered peoples who, having lost their way, wander aimlessly hither and thither without either fire or smoke to guide them.

And yet things are not wholly what they seem. Europeans will be amazed—or possibly only amused—to learn that a genuine statesman is still to be found, but that, like the violet, he flourishes in the shade. It is undoubtedly odd that of all countries on the globe Mexico should be the place of his birth and the scene of his many-sided activities. A statesman in Mexico? the sceptical may ask. And at first blush there would seem to be a contradiction in the very terms. Can Mexico, that political volcano, the destructiveness of whose intermittent eruptions has been felt even in distant Europe, produce a statesman? However sceptically theory may dispose one to consider

* *The Inside Story of the Peace Conference*, last page.

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the question, facts compel us to answer it affirmatively and to admit that circumstance does not always bear out current theories or bring accepted prophecies to pass. If it did, assuredly it is not the Spanish race that would have produced the world's greatest humorist, nor would Shakespeare have seen the light of day in England.

However that may be, General Obregón, the present chief of the Mexican Republic, is to my thinking one of the most gifted leaders of men in the world of to-day. Of his career, which has been fraught with historic incident and unrecorded heroism, one may say with truth in the words of the poet:

"His striving was with loving
And his living was in deed."

Head, heart, and hand combine to render him a born shepherd of men, who may be found to answer to Carlyle's description of a genius, so manifold is his intellectual equipment. Unlike Goetz von Berlichingen, he can write history as well as make it. To his uncommon large fund of what is misnamed common sense Nature has added the precious faculty of seeing things as they are, without any discolouring medium. In his childhood Alvaro Obregón knew poverty and want intimately and long, owing to his father's untimely death, but they were tempered with self-respect, self-help, love of truth and a burning passion for justice. Working his way upward from the lowest rung of the social ladder by dint of rare qualities of head and heart, he was already in possession of a modest competency when, in response to the inner call of duty, he left his home and family and took up arms for the praiseworthy purpose of ending once for all the aimless disorders which were wrecking his country. Hating bloodshed, he resolved to root out its causes and not merely to limit or modify the arms with which it was being perpetuated. He first learned the task of a soldier and an officer, then founded a company of trusted warriors like himself, speedily rising until he became Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the Republic. He fought many bloody battles, in one of which he lost his right arm—but he never sustained a defeat.

Having thus put an end to revolutions and banditry, General Obregón at the height of his military fame de-

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clared himself a pacifist and proceeded to adopt in Mexico, and therefore on a small scale, the remedial measures which the stewards of humanity at Washington are talking of adopting at some future time. He set about removing the causes of discord and strife. By way of a beginning he disbanded the Army and told those critics who pointed to storm clouds drifting from the United States that the one and only hope of the nation consists in the moral support of the civilised world based on the good conduct of the Mexican people. And to the winning of this sympathy and support all his efforts are directed. To seek to rig out an army to cope with that of the United States would be to ape the frog that vied with the bull. Although Obregón is a Mexican and a patriot, he contemplates his country in correct perspective, as a member of the family of nations with certain duties to fulfil and definite functions to perform. And these obligations he is determined to carry out even though—as at present—the correlative rights of his country are withheld by superior force. For there is a sort of Triple Entente which refuses to recognise the Mexican Government, hinders it from obtaining credit, prevents the realisation of Obregón's internal reform programme, and in this way is contributing powerfully but as yet unsuccessfully to drive the Mexican people back to civil war and anarchy. It is one of the incongruities of latter-day politics that this sinister work was undertaken by the eminent public men who are now meritoriously labouring to render war cheaper and to dispense with it altogether in the specific task of eliminating Japan from world politics.

From his earliest days—he is now in his forty-first year—Obregón has taken an intelligent interest in the political and social problems which are at present exercising the ingenuity of “old parliamentary hands,” and in his own country he has had the courage to make experiments with a view to solving them—experiments which English-speaking politicians on both shores of the Atlantic would do well to study—when they have the time. For Obregón's vision is usually keen and true. When the World War broke out, President Carranza—whom Obregón had raised to the highest office in the Republic—was so cleverly tempted by Germany to throw in Mexico's lot with that

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of the Central European Powers that he finally consented in principle. It was then that Obregón uttered his veto, which, as he was the idol of the Army, was decisive and without appeal. "But look at what Germany offers us," exclaimed Carranza. "Yes," replied Obregón, "Germany, like the priest consoling the agonising patient, will recommend Mexico to the mercies of the Most High." And it was entirely owing to Obregón's irreducible opposition that his country remained neutral. Nor was that the only occasion on which he saved it from ruin.

Obregón keeps himself well posted on the main political and social currents in Europe, America, and the Far East, and his own reflections on the events to which they lead are critical, original, and illuminating. I enjoy the privilege of knowing him personally and intimately. We travelled together from one end of the Republic to the other for weeks at a time, "roughing it" in many places and under trying conditions which bring out the character of a man. I am acquainted with the members of his family, with his first teachers, and with many of his school-mates in the north, and I can truly say that I have not met any statesman whom for constructive ideas, idealism rooted in realities, political vision, and indifference to cheap popularity I would rank above Alvaro Obregón. I further firmly believe that if he were the leading spirit in the labours of the Washington Conference the outcome of its deliberations and therefore the course of future events would be very different from what they now seem likely to be. And the world would be all the better.

Parenthetically, it is worth noting that President Obregón has fulfilled all the conditions laid down by President Wilson and the State Department of Washington for recognition. He has undertaken to have the service of the National Debt resumed, to pay compensation for the losses sustained by foreigners during the Revolution, and not to nationalise landed property which belonged to private individuals of other countries when the Constitution of 1917 was adopted. But quite unexpectedly the United States Government has now added a supplementary condition which was unthought of when Mr. Wilson was President. Mr. Hughes, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the open door, asks that Mexico, in order to qualify

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for recognition, shall sign a special treaty of commerce "and amity" with the United States. And England and France, who are also champions of the open door, bow acquiescence. Decidedly "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," like Providence, is inscrutable. President Obregón has refused to accept this condition, and he could not well do otherwise. In the first place, it runs counter to international precedent, and in the second it is forbidden by the Mexican Constitution, which he has solemnly sworn to observe. To ask him to violate his oath by way of showing that he is trustworthy is a procedure which, despite his many natural gifts, he is wholly incapable of understanding.

The following pages contain a few reflections of President Obregón on the Conference. They were written hurriedly in response to a request for his opinion. I have talked to him many times on the subject and he agrees with me that while the limitation of armaments will relieve the taxpayer, it must not be confounded with peace. On the contrary, it presupposes war, and is only a means of rendering war a little cheaper. The abolition of war, according to Obregón, can be attained only by the infusion of a wholly new spirit into the nations which take the lead in world politics. One of the first and most important means to this end is to induce the Press to desist from poisoning public sentiment, from fomenting hatred and discord, and to proclaim the brotherhood of nations and races. There are many ways of winning a predominant position in the world. One is by force of arms; another consists in diplomatic manœuvres, and a third is by money. If the end remains unchanged, it is immaterial what means have been employed to compass it. Thus whether Japan has been struck off the list of world Powers by diplomatic strategy, by war or by money, is indifferent to the Japanese people. They believe that they have a mission to fulfil in the Far East. That belief is as firm as is the conviction of the Government of the United States that the English-speaking people of America are the Heaven-sent guides of all the Latin American peoples. And to compel the Japanese people to decline this mission is to sow the seeds of future wars. To-day they are constrained to give their assent to their elimination just as the Germans were forced to confess that they and they alone are responsible for the

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World War. But if ever they have an opportunity to win for themselves the place in the world for which they believe themselves qualified, they will certainly fructify it, however incompatible the means which they employ may seem with the engagements into which they are now compelled to enter. And there is probably no people—or let us say no Government—in the world to-day which would act differently. This, however, is my own personal view. President Obregón is responsible only for what follows.

The Washington Conference

By General Obregón

President of the Mexican Republic.

(*By Cable.*)

UNIVERSAL disarmament, considered hitherto only as an ideal to the attainment of which many great men have devoted all their efforts, has now become an urgent necessity, no longer to be postponed, for the simple reason that modern armies and the cost of their equipment constitute the heaviest burden under which mankind now staggers. That part of the community which consists of men who work and produce is daily losing strength, wasting its energies and exhausting its patience, because of the undue excess in the number of consumers whose entire activities are devoted to destruction in all its forms. These conditions have produced far-reaching perturbations which, if not speedily remedied, will inevitably lead to a fearful catastrophe.

The only lesson, and this a very costly one, which the World War has unquestionably taught us, is that the age of brute force has vanished for all time, that man's greatest conquests in the future will be effected in the realms of work and science, and that it is indispensable to expend in these fields that vast mental and physical energy which is now being squandered in the training of armies and the production of armaments. Hence there is no one who does not wholeheartedly support the idea of disarmament, which

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means the reduction of military forces to the number which is requisite and adequate to insure internal order and to maintain domestic peace at home.

When dealing with this matter of armaments, however, three important points call for careful consideration :—

(1) Is the relation between the need of disarmament and the present moral standard of mankind what it should and must be if the efforts of the Conference are to be successful?

(2) Is the method chosen, so far as we know it from the scanty information which has been vouchsafed to the world, the shortest cut to the achievement of the noble end in view?

(3) Will the representatives of those peoples who have been invited to discuss this subject set the interests of mankind above those of their respective countries?

Touching the first point, it is clear that the correlate of the suppression of brute force is the attainment by true morality of its real value and influence; its dictates therefore should be accepted as final in defining the rights of all individuals as well as of all nations. The exact definition of such rights cannot, however, be reached until they have been granted to all men, irrespective of race, colour, language, and religion, and until it is recognised that all the nations which constitute the human race are entitled to them in equal measure. Therefore, in order that disarmament, when realised, should not become another failure, it is to be hoped that the moral level of each of the peoples of the present generation will prove sufficiently high to recognise and to respect the rights of the others and to limit its demands to the assertion of its own.

In connection with the second point, it is worth noting that a considerable number of nations have not been included in the invitation to participate in a conference which is dealing with such momentous issues and is fraught with far-ranging consequences to the entire human race. For it should not be forgotten that besides disarmament or limitations of armaments, other topics will be discussed which involve radical innovations in the domain of international law. This circumstance lends colour to the conjecture that the delegates assembled to tackle these all-important problems do not intend to restrict their means

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of action to mere argument and suasion when confronted with the task of prevailing upon the countries excluded from the Conference to accept their decision. If this conjecture be grounded, the desired disarmament will be frustrated, or at any rate practically retarded, until such time as the decrees of the Conference have been imposed upon all countries which may be unwilling to comply with them.

As regards the third point, which so deeply affects the welfare of mankind, I feel disposed to believe, and I trust that I am wrong, that the furtherance of the interests of the individual countries now represented at Washington will occupy the foremost place in the arrangements now under discussion. Furthermore, if the problem is carefully scrutinised in its philosophical as well as its historical bearings, there is room for doubt whether, even though disarmament or a limitation of armaments be attained, the moral aims so earnestly desired will also be reached, because we are mistaken if we ascribe to armaments the misfortunes which have had their origin in the evil instincts of men. War requires armaments, it is not armaments that bring about war. In all ages, as far back as mankind is able to trace its history, we find that, in order to wage a war, the only thing needed is men, that is soldiers. Armaments are improvised when war begins, and even though it were possible to suppress all the weapons which the sinister genius of destruction has invented during the last few centuries, we should still find man hewing his weapons out of stone, fighting hand to hand, and reverting to the customs prevalent in primitive times. Nor is that all. If we seek in modern armaments the cause of the fearful carnage of recent wars, it behoves us for a like reason to take into account and condemn the modern means of communication which are decisive factors in battles, enabling nations to transport with rapidity and ease formidable armies to wage war, in many cases against weaker nations. Finally, we should have to condemn much of the good which civilisation now enjoys by including that too among the elements of an evil which really has its origin in the human heart and in that only.

If mankind has indeed arrived at the painful conclusion that the parallel lines along which material and moral

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progress ought to have run have been totally forsaken and that we now find ourselves in a stage of material and moral culture which provides only our own perverted instincts with greater and more perfect means of destruction, then perhaps it is time that this truth, bitter and painful though it be, should find an echo in the consciences of all men, and that we should seek in morality and science a last refuge from ruin and a beacon to direct human activity across new paths; that we should confess the enormity of our errors and recognise that all human beings as well as all nations are entitled to the same rights and are liable to the same duties, and that privileges were first created for their own behoof by those who wielded the brute force with which they destroyed the rights of their fellow-men. Possibly in this mood and in this way we may succeed in bequeathing to future generations a state of things less baneful than that which we are at present attempting to ameliorate.

Great Days

By Austin Harrison

LIKE all big events, the Treaty between the "Irish Free State" and Great Britain has left people mildly wondering, rubbing political eyes. Its unexpectedness, its comprehensiveness, the almost devastating finality of this drama terminating the age-long Irish feud—all this has somewhat taken away the breath of the public, in an age of doubt, pessimism, and despair, unused to see the good that is around them; indeed who have come almost to resent results and achievements. Yet, as Goethe wrote, the "good is always there," and it has been revealed over Ireland, a free nation. The "mystery" has passed. By this deed of statesmanship Britain has regained her freedom of thought and action. She will no longer be winged in her flights. She can speak for world civilisation. Ireland, no longer a conquered people, salutes the commonwealth. Whole chapters of history are blotted out. An infamy is buried, a new epoch begins, and in the process of the Treaty Association the performed years of Empire pass into the wider and more constructive unit of a federation unbound and regenerate. The event is so quick with consequence, so fraught with possibility, so stupendous in its world incidence in the shaping of statecraft, that the political aspect of the settlement seems almost unreal, and, politicians, men all ask themselves the same old political questions. Will Ulster accept? Will Valera fight? Will the Tories rally in the last ditch? Surely, some sprite of fortune, some gnome of misfortune, some sour hobgoblin of politicism will arise to bedevil the issue, to avenge the ghosts of the respective irredentisms, to damn and diabolise the Protestant peace, if only for the luck of the Black and Tans? And to be sure politics will play their part.

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Ireland is not likely to turn into an evangel of concord because Mr. Lloyd George has done a brave and fine

thing, nor is it going to be easy in Ireland for Irishmen. Peace has come about too precipitately to placate off the reel, too absolutely to appease, and in Ireland the spirit of the patron saints, according to mythology, is dissension. Tumult, dissent, reflections and recriminations must be expected, will be in fact a physical necessity before the strain of passion yields and Ireland, a Free State, finds harmonious and composite attunement. The extremists on both sides will seek to stifle the new creation. Ulster will boggle at frontier delimitation, more particularly at finance; under the inquisitorial mediæval obscurantism of De Valera the group of traditional hate, of revenge and sacerdotal absolutism will move towards schism, may for the nonce incite to rejection and rebellion; and in England too a jovial section may confidently be counted on to stoke the embers of political doxology with one eye cast upon militarism, even as Mr. John Devoy in America, breathing pious incantations to Heaven, invokes England's discomfiture. These forces of force will rail in vain, for the bottom has fallen out of the cockpit. When we strike our tents in Ireland, when the Dublin Castle of Pitt gives way to Valera's castle in Spain, the Anglo-Irish war will end, and it will be up to Gaelic charwomen to usher in everlasting peace. We at any rate can wash our hands. If there is to be mortification, we can rejoice in our new-won sanity. The gesture will be epochal, world-embracing, and in its expression cumulative. The Hierarchy will sanction such a peace; the women will bless such a peace; its framers and all the wise men and true of both islands will sign on to its bond, and the word passing across the hills and dales and mystic springs of Ireland will be atonement. Only the great haters will linger on remorseless and unrepentant, only memory and grief and the lone figures of Ireland's "black women": only the implacable urge of the Brotherhood. For a time no doubt the dead will fight against the living. Hate will denounce love. Passion will proclaim sanity. Death may appear more "honourable" to many martyrs than life. Yet only for a time. The cycle will move, as Galileo discovered, and Ireland will move with it. In the Word was the beginning, now the word is peace.

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Politically, we have full reason to give thanks. The victory—for a real victory it is—was won by hard exchange by men seizing the unknown quantity of opportunity. On the one side, fighters and practical idealists; on the other, opportunists who, as the result of financial pressure, became statesmen, grasping the secret of Ireland and applying the remedy. Of the Irish delegates Michael Collins stands out as man and negotiator, he and Arthur Griffith, who has proved himself a statesman journalist of the true metal. As for the Premier, he has won to fame. The settlement is the greatest achievement of his life, by far the most liberal enactment in modern history, and it will secure for him a definite place in the roll of Britain's statesmen. It is idle to look back, the essence of life to-day is to look forward. No matter what follies or crimes he has committed since the Armistice, justice compels unstinted appreciation of the work accomplished, work which assuredly without the Premier's genius for negotiation would not have reached so signal a result. For that is what matters to-day, results. And here we have a result the significance of which is as yet but dimly understood. True, such a consummation is a singular paradox. Where Parnell struck against granite, where Gladstone failed, where Asquith as party leader never had a chance, this Coalition achieves success, and as we read the signatories the imagination reels. The men who fought for Ireland, the staunch writers in the Press, not a few because of their loyalty and courage dismissed and derelict, the great Liberal newspapers, the many individuals who in fair and foul weather stood to principle and belief—they are the shipwrecks of the struggle, passed by in the night. The glory is with their opponents. They reap what the pioneers sowed. They will gather in the harvest, and no doubt the honours will rest lightly upon them. They twinkle in the limelight of the hour; the others, we, out of our very honesty, stand at the salute.

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It matters not provided that England lives. And to-day England does live again, reborn, reclaimed, re-attested. Nor should we forget the credit due. I think of the Lord Chancellor. The slightest defection on his part would have frustrated an Irish settlement, the very

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smallest act of treachery to his chief and there would have been no peace. He held on. A Die-Hard plot was thickening, in conjunction with a similar "to the Rhine" movement in France. Lord Birkenhead had to choose between attachment to ritual Unionism or progress. He might so easily have ridden a pogo stick. His political dossier hardly looked hopeful. Once a "galloper" always a galloper. Yet not so. He proved sincere, true to the inner man, which thereby acquires a totally new orientation. The truth is that F. E. Smith, as one still thinks of him, has lit a candle which is likely to burn brightly, perplexing and astonishing as this light is to most critics and students. One word from him and Ireland would have got a tumbril. He stood by his preceptor, to the bewilderment of the waiting world, and even to-day men have not recovered from the shock. To-day he stands second in the arena to the Prime Minister.

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As he emerges from the Irish peace, he is the marked potential of English political life. Meeting him unofficially, at dinner or in a room, free from his robes of office and Ministerial solemnity, one spots at once the vitality of a man who is still refreshingly young. He sits forward at table somewhat crouchingly, as if from legal habit. The hands are curiously still. Nothing fidgety, clearly all reflexes are under sure control. The pinkish, almost boyish face capped with a strong jaw looks responsible, yet the eye is roving, ruminant, discerning, *roublarde*. The wrists are heavy. The attitude is of a listening man, serene and composed. The whole structure reflects strength. Then the voice. It has a fine tone, is well modulated. Obviously a platform organ. One understands the meteoric rise of this healthy, vigorous, youthful personality, charming as politician, gallant *auprès des dames*, for here is no prig, no theorist, no wooden temperament, and then one notices the hair. Black lustrous hair! A Lord Chancellor is reputed venerable. We think of him bewigged, or silvered with the age of dignity. This Lord Chancellor has no grey locks, no patches, positively no "baldo patchio" at all. His black hair is brushed back without device, like a knut, in sanguine efflorescence. One cannot take one's eyes off this luxurious growth on the

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head of the Head of the Law to whom the judges in their seventies bow. It hardly seems decorous. As we gaze this man looks too preposterously young to be what he is or where he is. Dark lustrous hair! A case. A sample. Something genuine, alive, human, a man to go for a picnic with, the Lord Chancellor, dash it! With all his hair intact, without spectacles, with pink cheeks, this debonair fellow might be a dancing partner. One cannot take it in. But the deep voice arrests, the thick, quiet, cool hands are suggestive. Assuredly this luminary of the law and politics has a career in front of him; and thus it came about that Smith and Collins met in congenial antithesis, and between them confounded even the old "Harry" of St. Patrick's curse.

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The importance to us of peace with Ireland can hardly be exaggerated. It throws our whole party life into the melting-pot. For one thing Unionism, as a programme, is no more, for the basis of the Ulster Tory amalgamation was the Boyne. It has now been bridged and across the stream lies America. In Ireland, too, adjustment will be precarious and possibly painful. To Irishmen politics are the ozone of their being. They are as real to Irishmen as they are unreal to most Englishmen. Ireland no longer has a grievance, that is the point, not an English grievance, for to refuse the Treaty on the score of Republicanism would be tantamount to an insanity alien to the inherent qualities of the Irish race. The trials of the Dail may be dramatic, but they will not be tragic, not after the evacuation. Thus the pedant's Gaelic receives its death warrant. As England retires from Ireland, English as the Shakespearean tongue will return, and this, too, will be leaven. The Irish intellectuals will doubtless seize the opportunity to establish in Dublin an art centre of lambent enthusiasm, and it may be that George Moore will return to hold court. Through language the race affinity will grow, as the mechanism of governmental formalism recedes and vanishes. The whole pact is a triumph for individualism as against the mechanism of control and development, and it is upon and along that line that the freedom of Ireland will reverberate across the world, knitting what is English in speech and civilisation into a federal and racial whole. For

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Irish peace is Britain's opportunity, just as Irish freedom spells British consolidation. A new world synthesis of civilisation will be born extending into all the ramifications of the New World, awakening deep echoes in the Old World. The Empire lapses. The British Commonwealth, the federation of free peoples linked to a common standard and culture, arises like a new dawn.

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Thus in future for better or for worse the concept of the white British civilisation, freed from law and force, integral only by consent, will be flung upon its own genius, to make or mar. It is by far the greatest event since the Armistice. It closes a dark seam in our history, provides both England and Ireland with the vista of free and untrammelled relationship. But its importance lies only secondarily there. We have buried an epoch, the epoch of isolation with the rising New World. Henceforth our flag has a wider definite meaning. New avenues, new arteries, new accommodations will open. The growing feud between Britain and America will be dissipated and understanding will follow in its wake. A widening gulf has been stopped, a deep chasm of dislike and distrust filled in overnight. By this act of political renunciation we have gained a universe, justified our imperialism, redressed a threatening balance. For the quotient of peace is peace. It will win out in the days to come. Our statesmanship stands once more upright and proud and no man can gainsay it. And we have laid the foundations of a new citizenship. Every year now in succession we shall feel the benefit of this reconstitution of trust which is the basis of all true security. It will be Britain's new Trade Wind, blowing confidence and amity into the far regions of the New World, associating us directly with its evolution. Not here but there we shall garner. The specific Irish question removed now from the island will perforce die out in the overseas lands where hitherto it has rated so adversely against us. To-day we are shriven before all men. Spring-time beckons us on.

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That is the real meaning of the peace. With Ireland humbled and humiliated, we could not get on; we had come to a standstill, we were checkmating ourselves. The world

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could not believe in our protestations, in the rights of our Empire, in our justice. It struck us across the face always, everywhere. It is the actual stumbling-block to any real League or Tribunal of the nations. But to-day we have made good. We have sent out into the skies the flair of a message which cannot be ignored. Britain and America have no longer a divergent sense, a cultural antagonism, a racial cleavage. We move into the new association of Far Eastern agreement with completed dignity, once more capable of inspiration. But there is no need to be lyrical and it would be foolish to expect results which may be long in realisation, which probably may yet try our patience to the uttermost. Ulster has to find accommodation, the Irish themselves will be tested sorely, and all manner of incidents and imponderabilia will no doubt retard and jeopardise the fulfilment of peaceful evolution. We, at any rate, can now laugh at the tribulations of Ireland in being. We shall quit Tipperary without moisture of the eye, not to return. We say good-bye to the snakes and sorrows of Irish commination for ever. We leave the Phoenix to its Park. And this. We can now pass resolute and undeterred to the great task awaiting statesmen all the world over.

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Through Ireland at rest, we have got a send-off which should carry our statesmen (we can use the word again) as leaders of a responsible civilisation upon whom the task of European recovery and reconstruction depends. Our paper sovereign mounts the ladder of the dollar in response and world tension appreciably lessens. Some months ago a noted soldier cried out for some noble gesture. We have given it. Our example will inspire others. We are no longer suspect, the trident hypocrite of empire; we have made our sacrifice, we revert automatically into the position of world leadership. We fly our true colours. Of course it is all unconscionably sudden. Whole panoplies of warlike preparation will have to be discarded, perhaps even the old historic regiments. The process of burying the hatchet will hardly be an easy one. But England is in no mood to brook iconoclasts. The road to recovery is clear, and any day now Mr. Lloyd George can set out for America with benign confidence. Those who

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cavil, those who can only see so-called humiliation in the settlement, who reason merely about the niceties of Unionist policy or the crudities of creed objurgation, fail to take an historic view, that is all, and their machinations will come to nothing. The good deed is done. We are free men once more; we shall not go back to secular politicism or political obscurantism; the painter has been severed. The little island is cut loose, and in the act Britain is reborn in the Commonwealth of free peoples.

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It is a profound beginning. The pageant of life reopens. To those who did this work I can only say: Go on. After Ireland, America. With America, we can rebuild Europe; we can create a true League of Nations; we can make peace, after all, in our time. If there is to be a League of Nations, or any associate political philosophy, such a thing can only come through sacrifice, and now that we have made this sacrifice the significance of Ireland in such a League becomes pivotal. The world can only move towards a condition of peace if Britain and America unite, and Britain and America can only unite through a free Ireland. This initial process has begun; it implies an immense change of attitude. Among the traditions overthrown by war is the old theory of central government, and characteristically it is the Dominions who have first grasped the status of individual freedom far-flung upon their own resources. In this disunity of unity Ireland too has joined partnership. In future she is to be of the Dominions rather than one under us; she has won her Empire spurs; she is to be a free part of the English-speaking configuration. This new pattern of association which is to-day crystallising out of the example and sacrifice of war contains in its alignments of co-operation not only the future basis of commonwealth federation, but in the world sense the nucleus of what a true League of Nations might practically aspire to be, advancing step by step on definite principles of freedom and informed interest. In Europe, the old Europe of princely expropriations once more remapped in a cauldron of force, dismembership and greed, we look in vain for any such evolution, but that need not dismay us, as in fact it cannot deter us. Our future now as always

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lies on the seas, not in the strategic combinations of a re-militarised Europe, and it is here that Ireland, when she takes her place on the Board of Commonwealth, will prove her competence. Thus the Constable of Cromwellian Empire packs up his bauble of office, which to-day is an anomaly. The reign of free service begins, the era of dis-sociate partnership. Britain attests.

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This transformation may not be immediately apparent, but soon its effects will show. Things move so rapidly nowadays that only the superficial appears to have reality, only what is personal to possess significance. And so the bells of London have not rung. Manifestations are absent. Men do not grasp the immensity of the accomplishment. We do not perhaps understand how truly this Christmas we celebrate a divinity. We have come through. We are returning to earth, to warmth and creation. The intelligent pessimism of the past two years transfuses into a radiant optimism. Britain has statesmen again and Britain is right. They crown a miserable year of unperformance with honoured attainment. The windows of our war imprisonment fly open. Truly, these are great days.

“Hark! Some Wild Trumpeter”

By The Editor

WANDERING by chance into an empty mansion of that august pillar-box type peculiar to London, I found myself in a vast drawing-room across which was stretched an enormous canvas on which a young painter was working. As he took no notice of me, I moved quietly about the room and stood still. The disuse of this capacious chamber of former propriety so gravely respectable, so commanding, so pretentious, but now so empty, or rather its use by a strenuous young man who wrought there with sublime indifference to the unmelodious spaciousness of this genteel atelier, struck me drolly, and I could not help feeling that I had come across a curiosity, perhaps even a meaning which for the moment eluded me. A cat, yes. A butler, or beefeater, would have been quite in harmony with such a room, such a house in such a square; but an artist with a working easel, this was odd. The painter and his equipment shaped professionally, and as my glance wandered from his gaberdine to his pipe, and from his pipe to the pots and cigarette stumps strewn upon the stained floor, I reflected that life was not what it was, and that even here, perhaps, was a sign or symbol of the spirit of the “mystic trumpeter” of Walt Whitman, “vibrating capricious tunes.”

A huge mirror, embossed in the wall, stretched from the mantelpiece to the lofty ceiling, and another still larger mirror stood opposite; otherwise the drawing-room was bare, so big and naked that it looked foolish, as if half ashamed. I wondered who had lived there all those past years. I thought of the Christmas Victorian jollifications, the shrieks of children now men and women, many no doubt dead, the games of whist and bezique, the dances held there, the secrets, the sadnesses, flirtations, sorrows, raptures, the kisses exchanged, the paternal injunctions,

"HARK! SOME WILD TRUMPETER"

the last admonishments, the indentures of family histories, the frustrations, the tears—gone now all those lived emotions, passed in the auction mart, nothing left but the hulk of a room awaiting a new tenancy, occupied for the nonce, as if in pity on that cold, derelict house, by a spruce boy working by a roaring fire, where probably the family sofa and the knitting had faced the hearth.

And staring at the easel, I was lost in further wonder. I understood the room; this portentous old stone-staircased house, cold, dark, gloomy, with its one extraordinary windowless bathroom without a hot-water pipe; its draughts were familiar enough, the infernal coloured-glass window on the stairs, the colossal stone basement, the endless flight of stairs, the shiny banisters, the chaste tall rooms, the sheer magnificence of its discomfort, its formalism, its unimaginativeness, its sanctuarial austerity—this was Victorian, Georgian, Puritan, innately insular and still to me relishable; but the astonishing paint on the young man's easel, the strange rectangular splashes, the blobs of blue, tassels of gay marigold, splashes of green, cushions of magenta and coruscations of black lines looking like Clapham Junction gone crazy, these beat me abjectly into doubt, and in addition there were the verticals; lines running gloriously up, perpendicular lines, semi-circular lines, a riot of horizontals, smothered by a majestic crimson seam running right across the picture, like the red sash worn by sergeants in the Guards. What on earth could this picture mean?

"I hear thee, trumpeter—listening, alert, I catch thy notes,
Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,
Now low, subdued—now in the distance lost."

I could keep silence no longer, for the young painter, presuming I was a house-finder, had taken not the slightest notice of my intrusion, but continued frisking on his paint through the scrutiny of copious tobacco smoke.

"Tell me," I said, "what is the meaning of your picture?"

The youth half-turned towards me.

"The Escape."

The word came like a blow. I felt embarrassed, yet delighted too, for the discovery of this art work proceeding

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so smoothly in this empty house was in some dim manner harmonious with my thoughts brooding upon the wreckage of the old world.

"Escape from what?"

I was glad I had persisted, as the boy picked out his pipe, faced full round and smiled genially.

"From blood. From death. From the past. This is supposed to be a message."

Was I in the presence of the "mystic trumpeter"—at last? This lad was perfectly young. Was he the Love that Whitman dreamed of, love that is "crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume"?

O, trumpeter.

"A message of what?" I said.

He replied gaily, "Of ecstasy."

Then we laughed. It is always good to laugh, and I felt suddenly that we knew one another, and that made me aggressive.

I explained that I did not understand his picture; his lines annoyed me, his colouring distracted me, his movement (is there such a word?) disturbed me, his tumultuousness perplexed; I could not find a beginning, discern an end, determine a meaning, fix a starting-point, discover a sequence. I spoke of art-form. I cited canons of utility, of restraint, of harmony, of perspective. Finally, getting heady, I waved my arms excitedly at the dado, at the fretted ceiling, even at the hideous windows: "These," I exclaimed, "may be ugly, but they do not offend. You now tease. You have no melody, or design, or architecture. You disconnect me, throttle me, dismay. I understand nothing. I see only a kaleidoscope. Your picture is a hermaphrodite. I catch no song, receive no impression, gather no instinct. It may be, as you say, the escape; I would call it confusion—See, confusion and confounded at that."

Whereupon the painter laughed as if totally pleased.

"It might be styled confusion too," he replied thoughtfully, "it is much the same thing."

The words steadied me. This youth then was a trumpeter. He seemed to have a function, to be symbolic, thus in a world of conscious madness to know what he was doing.

"HARK! SOME WILD TRUMPETER"

"Why do you say that confusion is identical with escape?"

The painter put down his paints and offered me a cigarette.

"Look at the war," he said, "we have escaped, but where are we? Whither going? Do you know? Does any man know? Have we won it? If so, what have we won? Do you know? We live in ignorance and confusion. Words have no meaning. Death has no meaning. The results of victory are responsibilities. Only life remains. You seek a house, I seek life, through art. It is my escape from the ugliness and squalor around me. I at least can create. I perform. Because it is new, you say you don't understand. It has always been so. All escape at first is confusion. Even the peace is confusion. You call my picture a blotch. Well, isn't the whole world a blotch? Is there any architecture about? Any design? Any pattern of construction? Any message? Any nobility? Any structure? Any foundation? But there is hope. It is there, on my picture, shrieking dissonance, if you like, but still vibrant, alive. It is the only thing that is alive, art, I mean. You cannot blow up that. I escaped a bullet, but not to go back to the dismal formalism of decay. We want new lines, new structures, new designs, new appeals. I paint as I feel, just like that. Break up, is my call. Break down; recreate. That picture is my pin-cushion. I grope. I am like an old crab crawling at the bottom of the sea, seeking, moving sideways, but moving. And I am conscious. Are you?"

Thereat the painter stopped, and I looked at him with wonderment.

"Well," he repeated, "are you conscious?"

"Of what?" I returned.

"You see, you evade. Of anything to-day?"

I thought of the trumpeter once more, with his "liquid prelude," glad, serene, and I thought of the fretting world and of our "numbed, imbonded spirit." How did this young man get into this house? Why was he using it to compose an allegory of escape? There should be girls in such a room, fans, smiles, flesh, young aching silences, laughter, age. The light was failing. I gazed furtively around, and in the vast mirror I caught facets of the boy's

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extravagant, incongruous, and plethoric canvas, with its conic sections and gaudy spate, to me fantastic and *voulu*. That red, luminous, scimitar-shaped sickle, what was such a thing doing there? In the glass it flashed out like some ravenous tongue, almost indecent. And those railway-lines! That sergeant's sash! The sardonic grimace of this map of paint! Bah!

"It looks," I said, "like a damned camouflaged gun."

"In workmanship, somewhat, I admit. But there is no gun in the composition."

"Then what is there?"

"Only a condition, an atmosphere, a rendering of strain, like flame."

"Smoke?"

"Why not? They are complementary."

I switched off, and asked him bluntly whether he had taken the house, why he selected such a place, was he painting to commission?

He told me he had met a man who suggested a picture of hope as a panel. The man had informed him that the house was untenanted, the room unoccupied, and could not be better utilised. There was no question of money. The coals for the fire "seemed to come in," the painter explained. That was about it. The room rather amused him. The walls he was going to paint into weird, symbolic liveliness. The mirrors were to go—of course. The dado was to be redecorated. The fretted roses round the sides were to be rouged, ochred, transformed into pomegranates of new thought. The ceiling—ah! that would be a jolly job—those little angels floating naked from the frescoed centre-piece were to come down, would be painted out, and strutting centipedes of new art were henceforth to etherise the top.

"And railway-lines?" I threw in.

"And railway-lines."

"And sergeants' sashes?"

But the painter did not seem to understand that remark. He told me I could not see. My eyes were disciplinary eyes. I had no sense of movement. I thought in exactitudes. I thought in acceptances, he dealt in "futures." I was half-blind, half-deaf, half-expressed. Because once upon a time men painted for churches, I

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thought that cherubims were the only symbol, varied by devils or pantomime Charlies. But all that was very old. I was a “dug-up.”

“ You mean a ‘dug-out,’ ” I ventured.

“ No, a dug-up.” He had dug up a headless corpse once, having lain on it in the wet half the night. It looked just silly, that is all. It was a nuisance, nothing more, slightly unpleasant, yet better than the soaking ground; it made a fairly dry rug. Now all that was over, but “rugs” still lingered. In the commercial sense they were useful, men needed covering, cushions and such like. As for the studio, it was virginal. He liked its solitude, its repose, its dimmed gentility. He drew inspiration from its former grandeur. It urged him on to get away from the ruck, from the trash of the soulless hunt, from the bondage of class and market. His painting, it was discovery. He was neither a Fenian in art nor a seraphic. He had no ambition to paint pretty women for enormous fees, or immortalise politicians. He had neither studio nor wife, neither an earned nor an unearned increment. So far he had just painted, and luck had been with him. And here he was working symbolically for a symbol at the suggestion of a man who also seemed to be a symbol. Yet he was rich. And happy. And strong in his youth, and an old Jew pawnbroker he knew allowed him £100 a year on his future. I thrilled to his words. I had found a trumpeter of sorts.

“ Blow again, trumpeter,” I cried, “ and what does youth propose to do? ”

The trumpeter smiled with that superb indulgence that only real genuine youth is capable of, from within.

“ Be,” he returned abruptly. “ Be.”

“ But will you sing? Will you shake the alembic of our futilities? Will you dare? ”

“ The artists will,” he responded quietly. “ We at any rate will look forward, not behind.”

“ Yes, but the torches. Will you light them? ”

“ We are lighting them. Look at my picture.”

I looked at the painter, his picture no longer interested me. This was the spirit of young England, serene, exulting. This was my trumpeter. Man, no; it would be long before he became “disenthralled,” the true conqueror.

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The law is relativity. Results are merely changes. Here in this room an epoch was fading, graphically being painted away by a young soldier. Transformed into what? So far as I could see, into a laboratory or pandemonium of paint. Another Crystal Palace. A new Brighton Pavilion. There was no prophecy, only the spring was real and the moon and its tides. Only movement was apparent and perennial. The escape! It was enough. All else was strife and futility, and this lad so confident, so glad, so free, so vestal in his vision, he was the life of the England to come, of the civilisation yet to grow out of her; he was the living symbol in this archaic mansion stripped of all but its walls, silent and stagnant as a mausoleum, he and his painting tools. And he knew it. As he worked there unknown and unappraised, he was flensing the past, preparing new substance, building new life, new hope, a new projection. He at least was splendidly actual.

He was at his work again, finding me unresponsive, darting queerly at his canvas, pricking it subtly with red and blue, anon singing softly to himself. I watched him intently, at first painfully, but presently with admiration. He took no sort of notice of my presence. His song grew in volume, ceased, broke out afresh, and as he snatched and tore and dragged and stabbed, the world seemed to be his, all that there is of reality in this world. Effort, eagerness, creation, will, impersonality, love. Great love. I stood under his spell. Three years ago his life was not worth a button's purchase. To-day, he throned. He had no qualms. He neither feared, nor coveted, nor cared. He could sing.

How many of us, I pondered, in the world that is left can sing blithely like this boy, for joy; sing to his work and because of his work, as a bird from exultation! Here was worship. This was man's purpose. What was the restlessness of the ocean compared with this sublimity of individual creation? What were the great forces of Nature in comparison with this slender youth fashioning his own expression, like a young god? What was space but an echo of the unknown in contrast with this positive personality, this carver of intellect, unconsciously above the intellect? For as he painted there he was the very incarnation of love, of man's higher reason. To him

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the world, the materialities of life, were but prison walls awaiting the transforming breath of his sanction and his brush, meet to be redecorated. He had escaped. He was free, beyond the terrors of our mortal mind, the fears of our simplicities, the voids of our ignorance and greeds, the vanities of our acquisitions: the full conscious man.

O trumpeter! I had found him playing his own instrument, melting my heart, my brain. There was no need to doubt any longer. It was this trumpet spirit that had made England, that would make her yet greater in the ages, there in the gathering gloom quietly working out its destiny. While we were talking, quarrelling, talking again, missing, he was not missing. He was the larva of life, the true force. To me it was as if the curtain of a play had rung up. The drama of war and destruction seemed to recede in the cheering light, and here was the messenger of hope present, as always, in youth. In the love that is the symbol of youth, in the power that is youth's divinity. What signified his picture? It was the will that worked on it that mattered, the spirit that looked forward, the mind eager to transfigure a whole world.

The escape, why it is always with us, in ourselves. I can see it in that boy's incredible intensity. I can sense it in this barren room. I can spot it on that ridiculous freckled canvas, in the fire glowing sympathetically. Surely this painter is the trumpeter of to-morrow. We too must take our paint-boxes and transform. Transfuse, looking steadfastly ahead. We too must be symbols of the future, not of a dead imagery, of meaningless angels and griffins, of the shadows and puff-balls of the past. We also can escape—from ourselves.

I moved spasmodically towards the door, for the boy painted on undeterred. Should I speak? I turned back to look at him. He seemed to be thumping at his canvas, entirely self-absorbed. I crept on. Opening the door, I stood for a moment to say some word, to take farewell—the boy was still darting and stabbing. I caught in the glass the railway-lines and the conic sections, the sugar-combs and the sergeant's sash quivering under the blows. What joy! Better not speak. I slunk out and away. O trumpeter!



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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

NOVISSIMA VERBA. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Fisher Unwin.
10s. 6d. net.

REPRINTED in a book, these monthly "notes" written in 1920 bravely stand the test, which very little journalism of that silliest of years can claim in this year of results. They fall into two divisions—political and literary, and where the writer is among his books he is delightfully authoritative, urbane and mellow. In the arena of world affairs he is somewhat puzzling. At first he condemns President Wilson, then he praises him as the "noblest of enthusiasts"; later, he invokes the League himself as if in despair. It was precisely this lukewarmness on the part of the Elders of Europe that enabled the politicians to stab Wilson in the back; now— But the now is only too apparent, even to American Republicans. Mr. Frederic Harrison equally admits the evil of the Peace. Yet he assures us that we "dare" not have words with France about it. Does he opine that two wrongs make no wrong? What does he suggest? Silence to-day is not sufficient. We rather miss

BOOKS

the old fire of Newton Hall in these judicial utterances, just that splendid disregard for opinion that has in the past characterised Mr. Harrison's pronouncements. Yet his historic view remains sound and lucid. He is under no illusions. His sweep is astonishingly profound. His oracle performs its task with precision, and he closes on the note of monarchy. Mr. Harrison is still a Victorian, perhaps the last of a great order, and at his age this book is a marvel.

HELLENISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By EDWYN BEVAN. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

A COLLECTION of essays, written at different times for divers occasions. The volume deals first with the rise of rationalistic culture, primarily Greek, then European, and the entrance of Christian life into world-history. Mr. Bevan is obviously of the opinion that the modern West, as a whole, still requires conversion to the Christian faith. He holds that the ethics of to-day, political, intellectual, scientific—the latter including what may be called our triumph over Nature—are indicative of the Hellenic and rationalistic factor in civilisation rather than of any definite imprint of Christianity. Of the essays, that entitled "A Paradox of Christianity" is perhaps the most interesting. It deals with the subjugation of one-time joy and cheerfulness to what Mr. Bevan calls "a religion of sadness." The one on "Dirt" is a broad-minded analysis of that distinguishing process by which instinct and not reason determines what we may touch and touch not. As to "Christianity in the Modern World," the author beholds it as a polyglot assemblage made up of those on the inside who have rejected a mass of beliefs once characteristic of the creed, and not a few who stand outside all religious communities, yet have adopted large bits of the Christian tradition. All in all, this is a thoughtful book.

SUCCESS. By THE RIGHT HON. LORD BEAVERBROOK. Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

LORD BEAVERBROOK, who smiles agreeably on the jacket, is equally winning inside, giving good advice to the aspirant and neophyte in a pleasant avuncular way, with no frills, but with plenty of witty and apposite figures and examples. Get on—get honour—get honest is not the Beaverbrook prescription; rather, hard work and determination nicely combined with the Christian virtues. A good set of aphorisms might be compiled from the plums in this little volume. Such sayings as "The future lies with the people who will take exercise and not too much exercise"; "A man without a digestion is likely to be a man without a heart"; "In wooing the Goddess of Luck he has neglected the Goddess of Opportunity," are scattered liberally through its pages—nothing very profound, perhaps, but practical hints to success by a successful man.

FICTION.

GOING HOME. By BARRY PAIN. T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.

It takes a wise man to be a good fool—a man wise enough, for example, to keep a jesting manner and a dry wit when talking of deep and delicate things. The clown who aspires to Hamlet is in no wise wise. *Going Home*—one feels apologetic in suggesting it—is a version

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of the Wonderful Visit idea. Not in the least a plagiarism, but upon the same delightful borderland of the fantastic which Mr. Wells has already explored in his book, for the diversion of a serious mind. Mr. Pain's story has a diverse charm in exhibiting the wistfulness of a jester, who, in spite of an airy manner, tells a story which progresses through whimsicality to an ecstatic moment of unearthliness and then returns to earth with a little grimace for a finish. A great many people will think this story the best that the writer has done; it is certainly an admirably told tale.

THE HAUNTING. By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

IN spite of the murder in the early chapters of the book, and the fratricide's subsequent descent into madness and suicide which ends the tale, the story is an idyll—the idyll of middle-aged love.

Gale Corlyon, the "safe-man," receptacle of the secrets and scandals of the little Cornish seaport, Stowe, is typical of the elder brother stay-at-home in his attitude to Pascoe, the sailor, with an eye to the main chance and a somnolent conscience upon the matter of illicit trading. Gale's grievance against Pascoe is the measure of his ill-balanced habit of thought, plus the almost universal tolerant contempt of an elder brother for a younger's abilities.

The haunting of Gale, and the steady march of his sick mind towards insanity, are done with so sure a hand that for a time the fine and beautiful story of Morwenna Liddicoat is overshadowed by the horror of Gale's inevitable smash.

The love of Morwenna Liddicoat, fifty, plump, and comfortable, for Gale Corlyon lifts this story of gloom and terror into the warm light of romance.

Morwenna is a woman whom all men in their secret hearts are seeking from adolescence to the grave. It is upon this matter that some will differ from the author's conclusion. Love is strong enough to thrust back madness into the dark. The love of Morwenna should have saved Gale Corlyon.

THE HIDDEN WHIRLPOOL. By D. R. O'NEIL. Daniel, Ltd. 7s. net.

IT is difficult to determine whether the whirlpool is that of feminine desire for seemingly unapproachable males, the activities of suffragettes, or the white slave trade. They are all dealt with in Mr. O'Neil's novel, but the readers may wonder why he has approached what we take to be his climax with such deliberation. The Esdailes, an attractive widow and her two daughters; the over-impressive Mr. Lorn, whose mere existence is quite too fascinating for the average woman; Miss Searle, who lives in a flat and is caught up in the suffragette movement; Carol Druce, who is in "the trade," and makes the time-honoured discovery that she has sold her own daughter after leaving her to die on the road as an infant endowed only with a rosary—all these and others contribute to voicing Mr. O'Neil's views on latter-day questions. But what one misses is a clear-cut story of cumulative interest. The book is animated by the highest motives. Mr. O'Neil's diction is often surprisingly good. There are feeling and character-drawing of the understanding type. But as a composite piece of work the story hardly satisfies.

BOOKS

JOANNA GODDEN. By S. KAYE-SMITH. Cassell. 8s. 6d. net.

THE appearance of *Joanna Godden*, Miss Kaye-Smith's competent study of a woman-farmer, has been greeted with the praise which it deserves rather than with that discussion of its merits which is material.

"Many minds, many varieties of novel," says the proverb, and Joanna Godden falls into what Charles Marriott calls the Regional category. She is part of life as it is lived on the Sussex marshes, and as a character study the woman, big, flamboyant, stupid, and beyond all else stout-hearted, is a satisfying piece of work. So also—as character studies—are the other people of the book; in fact in Martin Trevor we have another of those personalities of great charm which Miss Kaye-Smith creates and which, with a lack of dramatic instinct which makes us desperate, she kills or marries—as she did Morgan in *Tamarisk Town* and Hannah Iden in *Green Apple Harvest*—halfway through the book.

If *Sussex Gorse* is Miss Kaye-Smith's most important conception, *Joanna Godden*, with the exception perhaps of *Little England*, is her most human, and that although we sense depths in the woman which her pen has not sounded. But though vital the book is curiously shapeless. One can imagine the surprise of a French critic—to whom books without form are also void—if called on to consider *Joanna Godden* as a work of art. In spite of its quality he would set it aside

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because it lacked proportion. He would say it was not one but two books, that the first ended with Martin's death, and that Joanna's middle-age—Ellen's history being a mere digression—introduced a great *motif*.

This *motif*—the impossibility of breaking Joanna—is one that suits Miss Kaye-Smith; but whether or no she grew tired after her expenditure of force in the first half, it is certain that the second is not written with sufficient passion to make the most of its possibilities. Joanna with the forces of convention massed against her, Joanna daring the battle and expectant of good, should have been a mighty figure; she is not because the writer's emotional strength has not been reserved for the culminating chapters.

THE ESKIMOS.

GREENLAND BY THE POLAR SEA. By KNUD RASMUSSEN. Heinemann. 32s. 6d.

ESKIMO FOLK-TALES. By KNUD RASMUSSEN and W. WORSTER. Gyldendal, 11 Burleigh Street, W.C.2. 15s. net.

BROTHER ESKIMO. By ALAN SULLIVAN. The Century Co. \$1.75.

THE Eskimo seems to be coming into his own; perhaps it is the European's escape from his own barbarism, but there it is, and these three volumes shed first-hand and imaginative light upon that Polar tribe who came no man knows whence. Knud Rasmussen is the great Danish explorer who has devoted a life-time to Arctic exploration and study, and his work on Greenland is authoritative and charming in a way that most Polar books are not. He covered an immense distance, and Dr. Wulf was lost on the way back; scientifically, the expedition was quite justified. In the volume of *Eskimo Folk-Tales*, Rasmussen shows that the Eskimos possess a culture and standard of honour, and some of these stories of witchcraft are full of a queer beauty, though no doubt we do not get them as they are told, and they have been considerably sub-edited on the score of language. But the volume is of real interest, and the drawings are thrilling. By the way, the Eskimo women appear to be real good-looking. Finally, there is Mr. Alan Sullivan's book—he, too, knows the Eskimos—which as an introduction to Polar life for boys cannot be bettered. Indeed, it is a seasonable gift-book.

FINANCE.

THE WORLD'S MONETARY PROBLEMS. (TWO MEMORANDA.) By GUSTAV CASSEL. Constable, Ltd. 3s. 6d.

PEOPLE who complain that they do not understand the world's financial difficulties should read this careful exposition by the well-known Swedish authority on money. He is admittedly a gold expert and believes in it, for which reason he is cautious. But his diagnosis is terribly sound. The monetary systems of Europe are in the melting-pot and the professor is guarded as to prophecy. Indeed here he is somewhat disappointing, for his proposal of a conference hardly suggests much in these days of interminable but futile conferences. There is a great deal of knowledge in these pages. He explains the fluctuations of the exchanges, he warns us that there is the key. Shall we follow the professor? Or go on drifting into a general breakdown?

BOOKS

POETRY AND DRAMA.

ANGELS AND MINISTERS. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Jonathan Cape. 3s. 6d.

EXQUISITE in tenderness, in grace, and in workmanship, these three little Victorian scenes are like cameos by a master hand. Mr. Housman touches for us the serious splendour of a great epoch, illuminating his personages with the warm light of reverent humour. The little play in which Disraeli's "Fairy" receives her favourite in her little tent upon the sunny lawns of Balmoral, with John Brown as foil to the wise and subtle flattery and the sincere theatricalism of the Jewish Premier, is a little masterpiece of selected reality. Disraeli again dreaming of being overwhelmed by Primroses for backing the wrong horse is irony at its kindly best. Whilst the last of the three pieces, in which Gladstone plays backgammon whilst Morley breaks the news of his fall to his devoted and exacting wife, is a beautiful bit of intuitive reconstruction. All are neatly brief and touch high moments with unerring perfection.

SELECTED POEMS. By YONE NOGUCHI. Elkin Mathews. 12s. net.

IN Japanese format, with sewn edges and folded pages, this little book contains about sixty numbers from the author's best-known suites, with portrait and an explanatory introduction, in which we are told that Western poets are a race apart, with a vocabulary of their own, whilst in the East the poet employs the common speech of the people, and that the writers of free verse in the West are approaching the Eastern conception of poetry. Mr. Noguchi is himself a strong connecting link between the two concepts, for he has lived long years in America and England and lectured in both countries upon Japanese literature. Incidentally he has acquired our common language with perfect fluency, but still retains a trace of accent in its usages which is sometimes delightful and sometimes embarrassing. It takes an effort, for example, to get the whole content of

"The known—unknown—bottomed gossamer waves of the field
Are coloured by the travelling shadows of the lonely,
Orphaned meadow lark";

but "the crazy, one-inch butterfly" of the next stanza is vivid enough. There is a hint of Whitman in "I hail myself as I do Homer" and of unconscious plagiarism in the charming poem which opens with the line "It was many and many a year ago." But through these naïvetés there flows a voice of sweet and tender passion which is lovable and authentic, the voice of a true poet.

SOCIAL.

DIVORCE (TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW). By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. Leonard Parsons. 6s.

AFTER the rejection in Parliament of the Divorce Reform Bill, the question has not received much notice, but the author, who is one of the pioneers of reform, returns to the fight in a pithy volume in which she traces the history of woman's matrimonial subjection. Already in Roman times women had won to sex equality with man, but the whole

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position was reversed by Canon Law. It is curious to read what eminent saints thought about women and marriage as the "escape from sin." We recommend this to women who still doubt whether the divorce laws should be reformed or not.

TRAVEL.

ALONE. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

THE title is the only disappointing feature of this book of travel, for the author is the most associable of beings and a very scholar in the art of artistic cheek. He really is a man with a grievance which adds to the charm of the book. Mr. Douglas is a sort of spiritual *accoucheur*. He is all over us. He knows an immense lot. He is genial to all. He assists us to understand human nature and in this quest he gestates into our lives Italy. Real Italy, with philosophic disquisitions, quips and discursions; indeed so good is much of this literary rambling that one thinks of Sterne and hopes that Mr. Douglas will go on leading us into the remote places he knows so intimately and describes with such graceful "naughtiness." For this is a charming volume, the composition as of a learned Latin and an impish schoolboy throwing stones at one another across the centuries, finally shaking hands over the enormities of some landlady in a quiet bottle of the real vintage. In short, Mr. Douglas is one of our most distinguished writers who should be "found out" and "filmed." How he would hate it! But it seems his fate, for this tome should tickle the fancy of all who like life, the sun, the Italian skies, and human nature with a fritura of Pagan wisdom and cosmopolitan classicism.

WAR.

DIPLOMACY AND THE WAR. By COUNT ANDRASSY. Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

THE latest contribution to the war, its causes and course, hales from Count Andrassy, late Hungarian Minister, who writes with intimate knowledge from the enemy side. It is a good book, and though it does not reveal any very new "secrets" or deal with documents, Andrassy, reviewing the whole war position as one directly involved and implicitly responsible, comes to general conclusions which to-day tally with those of all men capable of unprejudiced judgment in whatever country. That is that the war arose inevitably out of the system of balance of power, of armaments, of alliances and counter-alliances, and that Russia undoubtedly served the purpose of militarists in both groups by pushing her Jugo-Slav Servian policy into an international crisis and then by mobilisation silencing diplomacy. The Count absolves Britain and rightly blames Germany (1) for refusing Chamberlain's proffered friendship in 1902; (2) by crossing Britain and Russia simultaneously, contrary to Bismarckian traditions; (3) by the violation of Belgium, also expressly controverting Bismarck's principles. On the war, too, the Count is good. Germany went to war on the out-of-date plan of Schlieffen and then made the mistake of not pressing it home. She lost the Marne by withdrawing two army corps which arrived too late in Galicia to be of service.